

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://download.archiveofourown.org/works/9687749) at <http://download.archiveofourown.org/works/9687749>.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	F/F
Fandom:	Overwatch (Video Game)
Relationship:	Fareeha "Pharah" Amari/Angela "Mercy" Ziegler , Lena "Tracer" Oxtan/Genji Shimada
Character:	Fareeha "Pharah" Amari , Soldier: 76 Jack Morrison , Hana "D.Va" Song , Angela "Mercy" Ziegler , Winston (Overwatch) , Overwatch Ensemble , Jesse McCree , Genji Shimada , Lena "Tracer" Oxtan
Additional Tags:	Headcanon Universe , Slow Burn , Narrative , Fluff , Action/Adventure , Humor , Dark Humor , Sexual Tension , War , Action Dramady
Stats:	Published: 2017-02-13 Updated: 2017-04-16 Chapters: 9/? Words: 24034

The 133 Awkward Days of Pharah and Mercy

by [The Gamer GENT](#)

Summary

It took a long time for Fareeha and Angela to even begin nervously dating, but before that hot mess, there was the seemingly agonizingly infinite time leading up to those words ‘Wanna go out sometime?’ being said. Over the 133 days leading up to their relationship, there were already a lot of laughs, bullet wounds, drunken nights, anguished sobs, embarrassed blushes, and heartfelt smiles. Really, it was all practice for what was to come...

Notes

This inaugural fiction goes out to the above authors, who made me fall in love with Pharmarcy, particularly Bonbonbourbon: The Doctor and the Guard is my absolute favorite Pharmarcy fic out there.

In addition, to the incredible artists SuperRisu, Niansue, Misiru: your Pharmarcy art never ceases to brighten my day, and I love everything y'all post.

So, cheers to you crazy cats for making me addicted to Lesbian Birds.

The following story is based off of the official Overwatch canon, as well as a few themes and ideas from other fan-fics, with a good amount of my own head-canon injected into it all.

I hope you enjoy! <3

Day 1: Arrival

‘Oh my god...’ was the only thing Fareeha could say, stood still in the door frame to her quarters. Winston froze too, but in discomfort, as he realized too late that Fareeha probably would not have appreciated the ancient room decorations.

He just wasn’t thinking about it.

‘Ah, erm...yes...uh, we never...we never thought to move anything of yours...’ he said weakly. Fareeha stepped inside her old quarters, and she felt herself travel back in time. The heroic posters of the old Overwatch still hung in place, the holo-desk emanating a soft blue glow, the two beanbag chairs around the small low coffee table, even the bedsheets decorated with Chibi animated eagles on it: nothing had changed since she had been sixteen.

‘Well...’ she finally said ‘Those cleaner drones were certainly worth it. I remember Jack throwing a fit about their cost.’ Winston chuckled nervously, and ambled into the room. ‘I can get the drones to put everything away, and we can go into the city to stock this place with more...uhhh-’ ‘Updated decor?’ Fareeha interrupted. Winston felt himself go hot and mumbled an affirmative response. Fareeha laughed and patted his shoulder. ‘It’s ok Winston it’s...actually nice. Really, I mean it. Just...a lot has happened the past sixteen years.’

Winston nodded solemnly, eyes also lingering around the room.

‘I’ll have the cleaning drones come in soon.’ He said.

‘No, I think i’d prefer to fix everything up.’ Fareeha responds, rather sadly. ‘I will take your offer of going into the city. I could use new bedsheets.’

‘Of course Fareeha. You sure you don’t want help?’ He asks.

‘Yeah...’ She sighs, as she took down a poster of Gabriel ‘I’ll be fine.’ She smiled as Winston nodded in understanding. He turned and left out the door, but popped his head back in the door frame.

‘It’s good to have you back Fareeha.’ He said

Fareeha gave him one last smile, which he returned, and lumbered down the hall towards the command room. Fareeha ordered the door closed with voice command, and proceeded to slowly take down the posters, unable to shake a melancholy feeling.

She saved her once treasured Reinhardt poster for last, slowly coming to terms with her new position in life. Fareeha wanted nothing more to be a member of Overwatch, and now, sixteen years later she finally was. Her formal recruitment wasn’t as cinematic or elating as she imagined, nor had it been the path she had expected. Just under two decades of various military participation, both federal and private sector, had left her with a much less bright and hopeful outlook on the world. She was well aware of the various atrocities her once coveted organization, and mother, had committed. But...

But she still couldn’t help but feel a little elated, looking down at her new shirt with the words ‘F. Amari’ embroidered above the breast, and the Overwatch symbol right above it. She couldn’t help but excitedly imagine the adventures she and her family would be going on, travelling the world, dispensing justice where necessary, and protecting the innocent. She couldn’t wait to see-

‘La-a. That was almost twenty years ago...’

Fareeha sighed, deflating onto her bed, posters now at her feet, head in hands. When she was with HSI, or in the Army, she had looked at these thoughts and feelings as a little treat of hope, to indulge herself in while trapped in a hell of gunfire and death. But now, with a chance to make these thoughts, hopes, and desires a reality, Fareeha knew she must squash these feelings.

‘You work with her Fareeha. You’re peers now.’

Fareeha was weak, the pristine condition her room was left in had weakened her, so she gave into the feelings.

‘Open picture folder, dated 3-5-44’ She said aloud

‘Voice password required.’ Her holo-desk responded. Fareeha let out another, monstrous sigh. She forgot that she passcode protected this folder, but she remembered, oh boy did she remember, the password.

‘Malak al Swiss’ she muttered, embarrassed.

A flurry of holograms appeared in the air in front of her, all of them showcasing Overwatch members, a few even had a young Fareeha in them, all of them mainly focused on-

Angela couldn’t exactly pinpoint why she felt uneasy, and that made her stress out even more. She reorganized her desk, again, burning off this inconvenient energy. The rational, hyper attentive, observational part of her (the part others labeled genius or protege) told her, correctly, that Fareeha Amari was just another one of her charges.

A valuable addition that would most most likely steer the motley rebanded Overwatch in a both effective, and morally superior direction that the organization's previous iteration.

A tactician and fighter, whom soldiering is part of her genetic makeup, and the need to uphold justice and defend the downtrodden is instinctual.

A daughter of a woman she considered a hero, guardian, parent, and a little girl she identified with far more than her younger self ever would have admitted-

‘And there it is.’ the irrational part of her head tells her.

Angela stopped straightening her old, mechanical keyboard and flopped in her chair, staring at the assorted charts and data sheets on her computer screen. She cleared them off the desktop, revealing the news article she had been reading earlier; the cause of her unidentifiable stress.

Fareeha Amari hadn’t attained the level of acclaim her mother had, but she had nonetheless been the subject of numerous articles, particularly those focusing on the Talon strikes and Refugee Crises’, such as the one by the BBC Angela had been looking at.

Fareeha cut a heroic figure in her combat fatigues: loaded with gear, stained with dirt, grime, and sweat to give her a gritty action hero look, the HSI logo on her bicep sleeve, and the Egyptian flag just above it. In her right hand she nonchalantly held her pulse carbine by the carrying handle.

If that was all the photo showed, it probably would have done a circuit through social media as a ‘hot soldier’ meme. But the photo showed much, much more, that made this picture a viral, internet crashing image.

In Fareeha's free left arm she cradled a small child to her chest, clearly scuffed and fatigued from being caught in a cross fire, who looked up into Fareeha's face with an expression of fear leaving their mind. Fareeha looked back at the child, wearing a sure, confident, 'safe' expression, that framed her face in a truly heroic...and devastatingly attractive fashion.

People were reminded of the photos of the Syrian Civil War, but instead of a feeling of horror and desperation, the photo exuded a sense of hope, security, the potential for a better future.

It was utterly ridiculous.

A war photograph should not be making people swoon, should not be reposted with the header 'OH MY GOD MY OVARIES ARE EXPLODING', should not be spammed with comments lauding over how beautiful and godly this soldier was.

And Angela had no business agreeing with those comments.

When Angela knew her, Ana Amari had the ability to captivate an auditorium's attention with a small laugh, a smirk, and a wink. Fareeha Amari could also captivate an audience, from the ruckus she'd cause with Jesse, Gabe, or Reinhardt, or arguing with her mother. The sweet, awkward girl Angela once knew had turned into someone who could fill a photograph as well as soldiers with a flag on Iwo-Jima could.

Angela looked at the photo, and thought about it more. She admitted, privately, to herself that she found Fareeha attractive. The logical side of her brain explained, that there is nothing wrong with feeling a sense of physical attraction to someone.

But the emotional part of her brain pointed out that this was Fareeha, little Amari, the little sister of herself and surrogate daughter to all of Overwatch. A young girl that Angela had watched grow up, gossipped about boys and girls with, a connection she had to 'normal civilian' life, someone who in a million years she never would have imagined having any sort of physical attraction to.

And yet here the infamous Angela Ziegler was: anonymously lining up in the comment section of an article, mustering up a witty and flirtatious remark to gain a few likes.

Fareeha settled on the last photo of the album. It was a simple picture, taken the day she was to leave for Egypt to enlist. Angela had been part of the small cadre that walked Fareeha to the hanger, to hitch a ride on an Overwatch VETOL inbound to The UAE. It was a simple photo she had taken of Angela; vertically framed, a little over exposed, Angela was still in fluffy slippers, leggings, a sweater, and traded her labcoat for an old Mathletes Varsity jacket, while she nursed her coffee.

She looked straight at the camera, giving it, her, Fareeha, a small smile. This was Fareeha's favorite photo of Angela, because it was just so...her.

Fareeha printed the photo out as soon as she landed in Qatar. She kept it on her at all times, until a bullet ripped through it, and embedded itself in Fareeha's chest. It was too soaked in her own blood to actually see anything..

'Close folder.' she said, and flopped on her bed as the holograms winked out of existence.

Fareeha could not harbor a crush on Angela Ziegler. It would make things too complicated, too awkward between the two of them, and create an unnecessary tension in the group, that could lead to disastrous results. The thought of her making an error in judgement, or neglecting a duty

because she was pining over Angela almost made her feel physically sick.

This whole slew of feelings was truly distressing her. She needed to relax.

Fareeha picked up her rucksack, and rummaged around in it, feeling at the bottom for...

Here it is.

She pulled out the purple item, and felt around the base of the rubber chassis to turn the vibrations on.

Angela walked briskly down the hall, a woman on a mission. The logical side of her brain told her that this was an unnecessary mission, but that if she feels that she must do it, no harm could come from it.

The emotional side of her said that this would benefit both her and Fareeha.

She decided to nip it all in the bud, and simply talk to Fareeha. Truly, get to know her for the woman she had grown into; not the memory of the little girl Angela had once known, nor the heroic soldier the few press outlets had made her. Just Fareeha Amari, the new Overwatch agent.

Angela took a deep breath in and out again, absorbing her surroundings to distract herself from her surprisingly unnerving task at hand. In the height of Overwatch, these hallways would have been busy with activity, of people roaming from an office, workshop, bunk, training ground, or toilet to wherever they were needed next. Now she considered one of the passing cleaning drones decent company.

Even with new recruits and members of the old guard alike arriving at Gibraltar, the place still felt desolate. Angela hoped that soon the small group would be bound together as a tight knit, cohesive unit, and eventually the haunting memories of the Overwatch of old would be dispelled from her mind.

A good step forward in this sociable direction, she reasoned, was to at very least talk with their newest recruit. Two birds, one conversation.

Angela finally approached Fareeha's designated room. She paused, allowed herself one more determined sigh, and made to knock on the doo-

'Hhhnnnggghh...'

Angela froze. Not the 'What was that' kind of froze, but in the 'Someone just announced there are motion sensing mines in the room' kind of froze.

Angela heard the rustling of fabric and the unmistakable sound of something vibrating intensely followed by another moan.

She blinked once, and crept away as fast and silently as she could, until she was confident she was out of earshot, she broke into a well paced run back to her own quarters. She swore she could feel steam coming out of her ears.

Fareeha stood up and stretched before picking up the massage pad, and using the suction cups on

the back, stuck it to the wall so it could kneed out her shoulder. Another moan left her mouth, as the tension and stiffness from an old wound was worked out of her muscles.

God this felt almost as good as an actual orgasm.

The ridiculously purple massage pad was one of her most prized possessions; it was actually a gift to her from a nurse while she was bedridden in hospital, recovering from a nasty bit of shrapnel in her abdomen. When Fareeha began physical therapy, the nurse had given her the massage pad (as well as some more intimate, in person, 'gifts') to deal with the intense soreness. When Fareeha returned to active duty, she always packed the massage pad with her.

Feeling much more cipher, she decided to explore the base. She threw on her jacket and headed down to the control room. When she got there, she saw Jack, Winston, and Lena huddled around a holo-table. Well, Jack and Winston were, Lena, was blinking around excitedly, appearing to...clean?

'Lena what are you doing?' Fareeha said, announcing her presence to everyone.

'Just a bit of tidyin'! Genji is gonna be here soon, and he's bringin his mentor along with him, an Omnic monk named Zenyatta! He was close with Mondatta!' The Brit chirped.

'Lena, while you're feeling boisterous, can you tell Angela that we'll need to move up Fareeha's physical to tomorrow?' Winston asked, and turned to face Fareeha 'Just for our own databases, to record any changes over the coming training exercises.'

Fareeha nodded stoically, but inside her stomach flips thinking about Angela again. She might need another massage pad session.

'Sure thing Winston, be back in a tick!' exclaimed Lena, before blinking out of the room.

Fareeha watched her go, before she instinctively turned to catch a data pad, that she just sensed was thrown at her. She saw Jack smiling at her, and he explained 'Currently everything we have access to in the old armory and what we still need to procure in terms of arms. Help us plan this out would you...Captain.'

Fareeha couldn't help but smile as she approached the holo-table, totally in her element.

Angela had never felt more out of her element than now. She once saved a man's life in a bombed out cafeteria, with nothing but a spoon, some twine, salt, and a napkin, yet the thought of Fareeha Amari masturbating absolutely demolished her composure.

She splashed more water on her face in the sink, and then contemplated just dunking her head in. She thought better of it, and turned the tap off just as Lena blinked into the medbay.

'Hiya Angie, hows things?!' She asked happily.

'Oh you know...just...prepping for some upcoming work and so on.' Angela said lamely.

Lena gave her a quizzical look, before brushing it off and barreling on 'Winston just wanted me to tell you, he's gonna need our 'new recruits' physical done tomorrow! Something about records or something else!'

Angela looked puzzled for a second. 'New recruit? Who...'

‘Captain Egypt, Miss Anubis Bird, the ‘Soldier Smoulder!’ Laughed Lena. When Angela looked even more nonplussed, Lena laughed even more and nearly shouted ‘Fareeha Amari, you big tit!’

Angela froze and felt her face flush.

‘Oh! Yes, yes, of course, aahh...yes I can make time in my schedule for, er...Fareeha, yeah.’ She said.

Lena cocked her head skeptically at Angela, who felt herself sweat.

‘Y’know love, you really should take some time to rest. You aren’t looking so good!’ Lena said. She ambled slowly to the door and said ‘I’d be on the lookout if I were you, half the internet is gonna want your head for being able to touch Fareeha!!’ And blinked out of the medbay.

Angela stared at where Lena stood. Mind totally, utterly, incredibly blank.

Day 2: Checkup

Chapter Notes

Well goodness me, so many Kudos and Comments it makes my lil heart flutter!

One thing some folks pointed out: my heinous use of single-quotation marks.

This is a habit i picked up from living abroad for a stint, and somehow, after ten years of living back in America, no one in the school system ever called me out on it. You lot have literally broken a ten year streak!

Unfortunately all the chapters I've already written up are basterdized with the single's, and being totally honest, I can't be bothered to go back and change them....

So if around chapter six or seven you notice the double quotation marks, you'll know I've learned my lesson >

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Fareeha stood outside the metal door, staring at the bold 'MAIN MEDICAL BAY' painted on in bold, capital letters. Underneath it someone (Tracer judging from the handwriting) scribbled 'The Worst Heaven Ever!'. Rather appropriate, in a morbid sort of way, Fareeha thought. In the many instances she had been mortally wounded, the thought had crossed her mind that the medical figure, desperately trying to revive her inert body, could be a heavenly figure come to collect her.

She had no doubt this feeling would be twofold if Angela ever had to save her from such grave circumstances.

Fareeha took a calming breath. She had a mental system to help her deal with fear and anxiety: she would think back to a time when she felt a similar level of fear, remember how she dealt with that moment, and it would add some perspective to her current situation.

Right now, she felt similar to when jumped out of a plane for the first time. At that time, she had not undergone paratrooper training, but as the plane was on fire, she didn't really have a choice.

Solid six out of ten on the 'Fareeha Fear' level.

Fareeha finally knocked on the metal door. 'Dr. Ziegler?' she called out 'It's me Fareeha, I'm here for my physical.'

‘Open!’ said a European accented voice, that made the hair on the back of Fareeha’s neck stand up. The door slid open with a hydraulic hiss, and the sight that laid before Fareeha made her mouth go dry.

Angela Zielger was a woman who often did the impossible, and here was another example: She was still as angelic as she was sixteen years ago. The labcoat, the data pad, the hair, the eyes, the radiant smile, still exactly the same, still perfect, still took Fareeha’s breath away.

And of course, she stood in front of a holo-projector, one that was just bathing her in white light. Angela was *literally* blinding to look at.

‘Nice to see you again...Angela.’ Fareeha murmured, smiling nervously as she shoved her hands into her pockets to try and dry her sweating palms.

Angela’s already beaming face split into an even bigger, more beautiful smile, and she hugged her datapad closer to her chest. ‘*Oh god, she’s too perfect.*’

‘You too Fareeha.’

Angela had once been half asleep in a barn, when a flashbang simultaneously brought her to alert, and utterly disoriented all her senses. In the same moment, Reinhardt had charged to meet the still unknown enemies, and demolished a section of the barn’s wall, which brought it crashing down on Angela, who just managed to fly out. Still mostly blind from the flashbang, she had careened into Ana, and as the two tumbled to the ground, Ana’s sleep dart gun went off, and immediately knocked Angela out.

Angela felt slightly more bewildered now than she did in that moment.

Fareeha Amari (or Cleopatra reincarnated, Angela couldn’t really tell) was standing in the threshold of her medical bay. She oozed a sense of cool, hands in pockets, lopsided grin, trademark golden beads, taught muscles relaxed: the kind of cool that movie stars of old had and was unattainable by mere mortals.

And she, the brilliantly inept, doctor Angela Zielger, almost walked in on this gorgeous person masturbating. The thought made her flush red.

Angela clutched her datapad to her chest like a security blanket, and felt her nervous smile stretch to proportions reserved for clowns and psychopaths. She closed her lips, hoping she looked like a normal human.

‘Why don’t you, uh...take a seat! Over there, at one of the examination tables...over there?’ She squeaked, gesturing with a flail of an arm towards the tables ‘I need to go fetch some tools and instruments and...such.’

‘*Mein Gott, you are blabbering like an imbecile under anesthesia.*’ the rational part of her brain said.

Fareeha glanced in the direction Angela pointed at, and half strode, half glided toward the examination table.

The emotional part of Angela’s brain screamed ‘*DANGER, WARNING, PANIC, NO-FLY ZONE, BIOHAZARD, HALT*’ basically every single cautionary phrase she knew, in every language she knew.

The logical part of her brain was ‘medically’ examining her...purely through sight.

Fareeha finally sat down and made eye contact with Angela, and she turned rapidly to fetch her instruments, but mainly so Fareeha wouldn’t notice her blush.

Fareeha’s stomach lurched with unsettled nerves every step she took toward the examination table. When she made to sit down, she was acutely aware of how loud the protective wax paper was, and suddenly felt very self conscious about the racket she was making. When she had settled in, she nervously glanced at Angela, who still smiling, pirouetted on the spot and strode towards some cabinets on the other end of the room, and began rifling through them.

With Angela’s back turned towards her, Fareeha seized the opportunity to try and fix her hair, now feeling incredibly insecure about her plain military cut, and the *same pair of beads she has*

had since she was five . ‘Childish, stupid, overly sentimental...’ she thought.

Fareeha was pulled out of her stupor when she heard footsteps approaching her, and looked up in time to see Angela giggling.

‘Sorry, Winston had previously been using the Medical Bay, I’m still unsure of where the specific location of smaller tools are.’ she said, in her bright, chipper, accented voice.

Fareeha, not knowing how to reply, let out a stupid, nervous, slightly forced laugh.

Angela had *purposefully spun in the opposite direction* of where she kept the medical tools. She didn’t know why she did it. When she had opened the cabinets that *she knew* contained only cleaning materials, she could feel Fareeha’s gaze lingering on her, so she pretended to look for a stethoscope.

Eventually, she shuffled nervously towards the examination table and the cabinets that *actually* held her equipment. She mumbled a lame excuse about Winston messing up the Medical Bay (a lie, everything was *literally* in the exact same spot Angela had left it 16 years ago), and Fareeha let out a laugh that nearly made Angela’s heart burst.

‘ *Her laugh hits an octave above middle C.*’ the logical, genius, completely smitten part of her brain tells her.

Angela willed her knees not to buckle, and stumbled over to the cabinets where she grabbed her stethoscope, otoscope, and a few tongue depressors. She slowly made her way towards Fareeha, who appeared to be observing...something.

‘Ahh...um, shall we begin? The uh...physical?!’ Squeaked Angela.

‘Shall we begin the physical?’ crooned Angela.

Fareeha swallowed, and gave a curt nod of her head. She now reasoned that if she moved and talked as little as possible, she would be able to get through this without embarrassing herself. She took off her shirt, as was protocol based off of her past medical experience, and simply looked down, away from Angela, ready to comply with her requests.

Angela stiffened when Fareeha nodded coolly and silently pulled off her shirt, in one, swift, fluid motion.

Angela squealed internally as her brain shut down (both the logical and emotional part). The string of internet comments on Fareeha’s ‘Soldier Smoulder’ picture flashed through her mind. Millions would kill her for this view.

With slightly sweating and trembling hands, she approached Fareeha with her tools. A stethoscope on the back, listening to a few breathes, inspecting her inner ear, observing pupil reaction to light, measuring her height and weight. Fareeha complied quietly and politely with every stuttering request Angela made.

‘Inhale...ah, sorry just one more time? And breath out, er, exhale I mean...’ or ‘Look left, i mean, your left not- no wait, look to your right...’

Not only did Angela bumble through all of her orders, she performed all of her tests out of order. She couldn’t yet bring herself to touch Fareeha, but it was an essential part of any physical to check for any sort of malformation or irritation.

‘Uhm, i’m going to need you to ah...lie down for this part, so if you wouldn’t mind...’ she mumbled. Fareeha smoothly oriented herself so she could lie down the length of the table, the same cool, relaxed expression resting on her face: the complete antithesis of how Angela felt.

‘Come on Angela, you can do this’ she said to herself, and began to press down around Fareeha’s abdomen.

‘*Oh she’s so warm.*’ Was all Angela thought, that she nearly forgot to check for any deformations.

Fareeha was well aware that she cut an impressive physique, but she became self-conscious of her shirtlessness in the presence of Angela Ziegler. She obeyed every sweet sounding command Angela had uttered, 'Inhale please...aaanndd exhale' or 'look left, and now to the right.' Fareeha obeyed dumbly, robotically, fearing any sudden motion would somehow bring upon the doctor's disapproval.

'I'm going to need you to lie down for this part, so if you wouldn't mind?' Angela said

Fareeha awkwardly shuffled on her bottom, rotating so she could lie down, the wax paper incredibly loud in her ears as it crinkled underneath her. She felt herself go hot as she finally lie down, staring into one of the bright, fluorescent lights.

And then she suddenly felt two cool, calm, soft, hands, and the world seemed to melt around her. Fareeha simply let everything wash over her, all of her old feelings of affection for Angela took full control, and she revelled in the simple pleasure of her bare skin being touched by Angela.

After Angela completed her findings, and some more awkward small talk (discussing dinner and grocery rotations, how Fareeha liked her quarters, etc) Fareeha left with a simple 'I'll see you at dinner Angela.' and a swoosh of the door closing.

Angela collapsed in her desk chair, crumpled her face in her hands, and let out an exasperated groan/yell. She peeked through her fingers to look at the clock, and reasoned she had a solid twenty minutes to quietly vent before Genji came in for a diagnostics. Angela then brought up a picture of Ana Amari, a simple portrait taken by TIME magazine.

The apple had not fallen far from the tree for Fareeha Amari. In fact, the apple had fallen, immediately took root, and grew into a bigger, better, more beautiful tree than it's predecessor.

Angela was truly astounded at how discombobulated she had become just at Fareeha's sheer

presence. She could remember being nervous around others she found attractive...twenty odd years ago, but even back then, it was no where near this debilitating. Fareeha had been either incredibly polite, or incredibly stupid to not notice or point out Angela's absurd behavior.

But Fareeha was just so...well, Angela really couldn't think of another phrase for it, Fareeha was so *goddamn beautiful* it felt like a physical blow to her gut when Angela looked at her. But when she thought of the little girl she once knew, who would seek Angela's comfort after a fight with her mother...

Angela frowned as she lifted her head out of her hands. It was weird. Simply put, Angela's attraction to Fareeha made her feel-

Uncomfortable. The whole situation was uncomfortable. Fareeha had her eyes closed, back in her quarters, as her massager vibrated against her lower back. Angela, still as beautiful, talented, and kind as ever, not even making one joking comment on Fareeha's subdued, nervous stature.

She sat up, turned off the massage pad, put on her shirt, and sat there. She could not allow her childhood crush to jeopardize her career, her relationship with an esteemed colleague and friend, and Overwatch. Her time in the Army and Helix provided her with numerous fraternization restrictions, and examples of why such restrictions were placed: people disobeying orders, preferential treatment given, death and misery.

Fareeha decided then and there, that she would fight to suppress, and eventually squash these old feelings for Angela. She stood up and strode out of her room, headed to the engineering bay. Winston and Torbjorn had mentioned making modifications to the set of Raptora armor they had acquired for her.

She could think of no better way to help build her metaphorical armor, than build her actual armor.

'*Kanpai ai, Kiheitai koko ni!*' said a Japanese voice. Lena squealed in delight, as two metallic arms wrapped around her from behind, and spun her around. Angela smiled softly to herself, as she overheard Genji and Tracer flirt and gossip with each other. She sat in the common room,

occupying the only arm chair which had it's back faced to the main entrance, her holopad, some chips, and a glass of wine to relax with.

She was engrossed in an article, reviewing a MOMA touring exhibit on the works of early sculptors who used Soft-Light technology as their medium: Angela found it fascinating that the same energy that powered her Caduceus Staff could be used to create beautiful, fluid, works of art, and she greatly admired these artists creative genius. She briefly lamented that she could not attend the the exhibit, when-

'Oh bollocks Genji!' Laughed Tracer

'It's true!' he exclaimed, feigning indignation. 'Fareeha had such a crush on Angela when she was a kid, and the doc looked like she had just run a marathon when I came in for my diagnostics!'

Angela froze in her chair, as she heard the distinctive soft metallic *clink* of Genji jumping onto something (most likely the table). '*Oh no, please don't say it.*' she thought.

'They are so going to fall for each other, love is inevitable.' He said softly, indicating he was close to Lena. 'And I don't want any competition for us in the "Best Overwatch Couple" race, so I say we just get rid of them now-'

Lena must have shoved Genji off the table, because a heavy clattering noise mixed with Lena's laughter filled Angela's ears, but she registered none of it: right now, she really wanted Genji to 'get rid of her', rather than deal with these confusing, messy, feelings.

She settled for a middle ground: she downed her wine in one gulp, and for the remainder of the night, while Genji and Lena goofed around, Angela sat in a mortified silence mentally crushing all feelings of romantic affection towards Fareeha Amari.

Chapter End Notes

Remember folks: there's always a chance your crush is nervous around you too.

I 100 percent am all for Lena being gay in the proper canon, but when I got interested in OWs narrative in the very beginning, I always liked the potential relationship between Genji and Lena. In fact, I have the skeleton of a fan-fic for them on the back

burner in my mind...

Day 8: First Flight

Chapter Notes

Call me a nerd, but I'm not really a fan of Angela's 'Insta-Heal' capabilities in the canon, to me it feels like cheating (gameplay wise, totally different story), so in this chapter is the introduction to my take on Angela's healing abilities.

Also, I love you Scotland.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Scotland was an incredibly beautiful country, and Glasgow was quite a charming city. The river Clyde shone nicely in the Scottish sun, making one of its rare appearances on this spring day.

The water reflected the rockets from Fareeha's launcher brilliantly, as she dodged incoming fire from the Talon agent's below.

'Update, no visual on payload from due West.' Genji over the comms.

'Nuthin from East.' Chirped Tracer

'Negative sight from here.' Drawled McRee.

Some of Tracer's trusted British contact's had caught wind of a Talon cell siphoning military grade plastic explosives from various factories in Northern England. The illicit caravan brought the explosives to ports in Scotland to be distributed over the Atlantic to various Anti-Omniscient extremist groups. Glasgow was the final stop for these explosive before their Transatlantic voyage, and Overwatch had scoured the harbor area to ensure this journey never happened.

They had grouped up in a standard sweeping formation, Genji and Tracer on the flanks looking for any suspicious movement on the ground, while Reinhardt, D.Va, Soldier 76, Lucio and McRee established a continuous base of fire to cover them. The two forces traded continuous fire, the sounds of automatic plasma weaponry, cracks of a revolver, sonic weaponry, and sword slashes never ceasing. Pharah zoomed around the skies, marking enemy combatants, keeping them pinned with well placed rockets, and scouring further down the dock for any sign of the payload.

'Eye in the Sky has no viz.' said Fareeha, as she dodged an incoming opposing missile. While she dodged the missile, she felt a searing pain lance through her leg. '*Something big, at least 50 cal.*' she thought.

'I'm hit, moderate to severe, what healer is nearest my position?' she said through gritted teeth.

'I'm about thirty meters directly on your six Pharah, behind the stack of red Amazon labeled shipping containers, come to me.' said Angela

Fareeha immediately activated full thrust to retreat, seeking out the red Amazon shipping containers and landed behind them. She let out a shout when she landed, pain lancing through her left leg, and she stumbled heavily to the ground, cursing her clumsy landing.

Angela heard the heavy crash behind her, and whipped her head around to see a blue and gold armored figure sprawled on the ground, struggling to get up.

'I'm good enough, tend to Pharah.' grunted 76. Angela glanced quickly at Jack's 'wounds' on his arm, that had scabbed over and ceased to bleed. Angela released her thumb off of the Caduceus's healing button, and the golden Soft-Light stream detached itself from Jack, back into the staff.

Angela reached into her belt, and produced some Medi-Nanite infused bandages, and passed them to Jack. 'Wrap your arm, and you'll be set.' she said. 76 nodded once and slipped out from behind the shipping crate into the fray, firing his rifle as he ran.

Angela rushed over to Fareeha's side, just as a nearby explosion threw her to her knees in front of Fareeha. Angela managed to activate the Caduceus and latch Fareeha to the healing stream, in one swift motion, making it all look like she did it on purpose.

'Pharah where does it hurt? Can you feel all of your body?' She said, not giving away that she felt rattled by the near miss.

'Yeah, hit in my right leg, entry wound feels mid-calf.' Fareeha said, as she sat up.

'Can you detach the armor there, I need to see the wound.' Ordered Mercy.

Pharah fumbled with her leg for a bit, before detaching the shin plate and then the calf armor. There was a lot of blood. Really, *a lot* of blood. Upon closer inspection however, Mercy concluded that the wound was actually quite clean and manageable, despite the rather nasty exit wound. Mercy slightly increased the concentration of nanites her Caduceus would mix with the beam with a swipe of her thumb, and immediately latched the Soft-Light leash to Pharah's leg.

'Do you want a pain suppressant?' Mercy asked. Pharah shook her head grimly.

'No, save it just in case something worse happens.' She replied.

Mercy dared to glance up from Fareeha's leg to look at the woman's face. She had flipped the 'beak' of her helmet up to feel some more air on her face, which was scrunched up in pain. The Caduceus's soft-light beam looked beautiful, but having your tissue regrown and rebuilt at an accelerated pace never felt good.

'First day out, and already another scar to add to the collection.' Pharah murmured, managing to give a pained grin. 'Don't suppose you could grow me an extra arm or something? I'm going to run out of room for scar tissue soon...'

Mercy couldn't help but grin a bit, and placed a comforting hand on Pharah's shoulder.

'You make it sound like you're going to get hit on purpose in the future.' she shot back.

'Oh, any excuse to spend some quality time with you Angel-AH!' Pharah couldn't quite finish her witty retort, as her calf sealed up. The Caduceus's healing ability always stung a little extra when it finished healing a wound, as the nervous system finally reconnected and briefly registered the massive amount of trauma the part of the body had undergone.

'Give your leg a wiggle, make sure everything's more or less in order.' Said Mercy. Pharah complied and flexed her foot back and forth, before standing up, nodding in satisfaction.

'It stings a bit, but everything seems to be working normally, am I all set?' asked Pharah. This was

her first time under the Caduceus's beam, so it was natural that she'd be a little worried about the healing process.

'Residual pain is normal for up to an hour, if it still hurts after, let me know. Other than that, you're all set.' She said.

Pharah knelt down and swiftly reassembled her leg armor, and she took a moment to eye the large hole in it with a scowl.

'Well, I guess I know what I'll be working on when we get back-'

'McRee to y'all, eyes on possible payload, theres-' a stream of automatic fire cut of McRee's announcement over the comm, but a much louder *crack* from his Peacemaker brought it to a stop *'There's two bad guys running away with a crate between them, can't confirm it's the explosives, but looks mighty suspicious.'*

Fareeha looked at Angela and flipped her helmet back down. 'Back at it.' She said

Fareeha activated her jump jets, launching herself halfway up a crane, perched neatly on one of the cross beams unnoticed by the remaining Talon combatants. She enhanced her Augmented HUD to try and spot the pair of Talon soldiers with a crate.

'McRee I am back in elevation and have no visual on the targets, advise?' she said into the comms.

'They are headed down the port away from us, parallel to the waterfront, eastern side.' he said *'Tracer, can you see them?'*

'No eyes on em, repositioning further down the port to establish contact, be back in a jiff!' said Tracer. Fareeha continued to peel her eyes for the supposed package, frowning slightly.

'McRee, are you sure you saw something? I'm about twenty meters above us and can't see-'

'Wait I see- OH BOLLOCKS.' Tracer yelled in pain, as she rapidly blinked backward towards the safety of Reinhardt. Genji let out a panicked slew of Japanese, but Fareeha understood the word 'Lena' repeated a few times. Fareeha, still in her magnified view, gave her a quick glance, and saw that the young Brit was covered in blood, panting heavily, and holding her gut tightly.

'Hey-' She coughed weakly. Lucio rushed over to her, and immediately *'Mercy I'm gonna need you over here, Lena's hit real bad!'* He screamed

'I'm on my way!' replied Angela, and Fareeha caught the signature *wooshing* sound of her wings activating. *'I could use some extra cover!'*

'Don't worry, we have you!' screamed Reinhardt, who slowly moved himself and his barrier towards the source of the gunfire, while directly behind him D.Va continued to pour gunfire down towards their attackers, a slew of Korean profanity and E-Sports trash talk spewing from her mouth.

Confident that Tracer would be fine, Pharah turned her attention to scouring the docks for the payload. Then she saw two figures, a large camo patterned crate between them, scurry out from a small office building, towards the docks entry point.

‘I’ve got a visual on the payload, they’re heading out of the docking area into what looks like the vehicle depot!’ She yelled into the comms.

Silence for the briefest of moments, and then-

‘Fareeha, I’m still looking at the same guys from before, they haven’t moved.’ McRee said.

Fareeha’s mind went blank for a second:

1. One is a real bomb, one is fake. 2 Both are real bombs.

‘Oh shit...’ muttered Fareeha

‘Ok... Ok, I got it!’ Yelled Mercy, as she maneuvered the snake-cam and found Lena’s severed Ilac Artery, the camera’s feed displayed on Angela’s Halo-HUD. While Lucio kept her stable and pain free with his Audio-Healing streams, Angela swiftly extended a microscopic fiber optic wire from one of the Caduceus’s ports, and swiftly plunged it into the wound in Lena’s upper thigh, until it showed itself on camera, pointed at the break in her artery.

Angela wasted now time in activating the Caduceus, seeing the microscopic extension emit the familiar golden light, and instantly, Lena’s artery was sealed. Angela allowed herself a small sigh of relief, as she retracted the snake-cam and Caduceus extension from Lena’s wound. The Caduceus could heal wounds pretty quickly, but when it came to arteries, ‘pretty quickly’ wasn’t quick enough; so Angela developed a series of instruments to ensure the latency was made up for.

As she put her microscopic equipment away, she activated the Caduceus’s main healing stream, and between the golden beam of light and Lucio’s soothing music, Lena’s wounds healed rapidly, and her colorful composure returned.

Just as Tracer gave a radiant grin, Pharah’s commanding voice broke through the comms: *‘I’ve got a visual on the payload, they’re heading out of the docking area into what looks like the vehicle depot!’*

Silence for the briefest of moments, and then-

‘Fareeha, I’m still looking at the same guys from before, they haven’t moved.’ McRee said.

The grin was wiped from Tracer’s face, and Angela felt her heart hold still, until 76’s voice snapped them back to reality.

‘We’re not taking any risk that one is a dummy, we go for both!’ He screamed *‘Genji, D.Va, Lucio, with me to pursue the second crate, the rest of you deal with the one here!’*

Lucio quickly placed a comforting hand on Lena’s shoulder as he skated towards D.Va and 76, as the trio made for a dock exit. Mercy caught sight of Genji as he clambered onto the roof of one of the warehouses and he looked at Lena. Angela couldn’t tell exactly what Genji signed, but he made a hand gesture against his faceplate before he dropped to the other side. When Angela looked back at Tracer, her bright smile was back.

‘Oi Captain Egypt, what’s the plan?!’ Asked the Brit over comms.

‘We rush them, the movement of the other crate is a decoy regardless, we’ll catch these two while they think the coast is clear.’ said the Egyptian.

Angela cautiously peeked her head above the large stack of wooden planks she and Tracer were hiding behind. Reinhardt and D.Va’s combined might had gained the majority of attention from Talon forces, but bursts of automatic gunfire still lashed against her cover. Like them, the Talon forces had too good cover.

‘McRee, Tracer, the Talon forces don’t see me up here, I’ll hit them with a rocket barrage, you two punch through, Reinhardt and D.Va mop up any stragglers, wait for my go...’ she said rapidly.

Mercy tensed up, and glanced at Tracer, who inserted fresh magazines into her pistol, a look of determination on her face.

A blueish streak flew just above their heads, and rocketed up into the sky above the Talon forces. A flurry of small lights emitted from the Raptora’s unmistakable silhouette, as dozens of explosions ripped through the docks. As soon as the fire stopped, McRee and Tracer sprung into action, bounding past D.Va, through Reinhardt’s shield, and with three shots from the Peacemaker, and a burst of pistol fire, for the first time in what felt like forever, no gunfire rang out on the docks.

A solid fifteen square meter area lay in utter ruins after the rocket barrage, and dead bodies of their combatants littered the floor. Reinhardt finally dropped his barrier and D.Va ran some diagnostics to ensure her guns were still in good condition after such continuous fire, just as Fareeha landed right next to her.

As if on cue, the silence was broken by a clattering of metal and everyone looked further down to see two Talon soldiers holding one of the crates, running as fast as they could with their cargo further down the port. The gang immediately pursued them, and Pharah took to the skies, to follow, Angela locking onto her profile as her wings carried her up behind the Raptora.

--

Fareeha had a clear shot at the escapees, but held her fire: if a crate that needs to be carried by two grown men is filled to the brim with explosives, you do not want it going off anywhere remotely near you.

The two Talon goons made it out of the maze of shipping containers into a more open area, where the still used, ancient cranes for lifting the crates rested. The Talon agents actually veered towards the water of the River Clyde, presumably to board an escape vehicle of some sort.

‘Double time people, they may be nearing their escape route!’ Pharah said.

She glanced at her teammates below, who had just made it past the maze of shipping crates, and were just about to-

Talon agents burst out of the shipping crates on the edges of the clearing, and immediately surrounded the Overwatch agents on the ground.

Fareeha held her airborne position, and made to fire rockets indiscriminately at the incoming Talon forces, deaf to the shouts of her teammates over the comm, sheer panic taking hold of her brain, Talon bullets struck Reinhardt's armor, Jesse and Lena desperately moved for nonexistent cover: Fareeha let one rocket fly before something hard, white, and *blonde* knocked into her, sending her next shot wildly off course.

All thought vacated Angela's mind when she saw the clearing flood with Talon forces. She was brought back to reality when Fareeha managed to fire a rocket, when Angela realized she was still programmed on a flight path towards the woman: who had stopped moving.

Angela split her cheek open, as her face connected with the pointy end of the Raptora's shoulder pauldron, and as the rest of her momentum and weight carried into Fareeha, sent the two of them spiraling out of control. Another rocket left Fareeha's launcher, shooting dangerously close past Angela, who held onto the Caduceus for dear life, her last hope.

She thumbed another button on her staff, as a blue light latched on to Pharah. Mercy hoped that the woman would work a miracle.

Time not only seemed to slow for Fareeha, but suddenly everything became incredibly clear. The harsh panic that had flooded her mind had evaporated. Wasting no time to dwell on this phenomenon, Pharah weighed her options at the current moment. She quickly concocted a solution, much faster than she normally would have, and yelled into her comm:

'Everyone brace for impact, massive detonation!'

Pharah then did something so elaborate, so quick, so insane, that required so much speed and precision, that for the next week it would be all the Overwatch crew would talk about at group meals.

Still falling downwards with Angela, Fareeha raised her left arm to let a Concussion Missile fly towards the Talon agents with the crate still between them. Faster than lightning, with her other arm she raised her rocket launcher into a canted position, bringing up her left arm to rest her weapon against. She fired one shot, aimed about ten meters above the ground, and well over the water of the river. Finally, she scooped Angela in her arms, and rotated her body so her back faced the river, the medic now shielded from what was about to come.

'Brace!' Fareeha screamed one last time.

First: The Concussion Missile landed directly behind the two Talon agents, sending them in oblong directions, but the crate sailed gracefully, comically, high into the air above the river.

Second: A missile connected with the crate, detonating all One-Hundred-Forty-Seven Kilos worth of Military Grade Plastic Explosives.

Third: The world got ripped apart.

Fareeha rolled off of Angela and lay on her back, while Angela bolted upright to check Fareeha's vitals, while activating the team channel.

'Everyone report in, now!' She demanded, as she fumbled with taking off Fareeha's helmet.

'*We're all ok! Fine actually!*' exclaimed Reinhardt. Angela glanced down at the 'clearing' now littered with the carcasses of the cranes and Talon forces alike, crates in various states of destruction thrown around as if they were legos, even a boat had come ashore, split in two. Amongst all this carnage, Reinhardt's barrier suddenly punched through a small pile of the destroyed containers. A rattled Tracer and McCree crawled out first, before the German giant followed.

'Search for any Talon survivors and prep them for detainment for incoming authorities.' Said a Middle-Eastern voice.

Angela looked back to her original charge; Fareeha slowly raised herself onto her arms, as she surveyed the damage below.

'That...was a very large explosion.' She muttered.

Angela wanted to scold her for being so reckless, for outlining a perfect example as to why Overwatch was disbanded in the first place, for causing so much death and destruction: but instead she just hugged her.

'I'm so sorry I ran into you Fareeha! I panicked, and didn't stop in time-' blabbered the Medic, before Fareeha simply chuckled. Fareeha detached herself from Angela's arms, and looked at her sincerely.

'Angela, it's alright. I don't know what Science-Witchery you used on me, but you saved us today.' she said. She smiled, such a genuine and unguarded smile, that Angela felt a similar motion tug at the corner of her lips as well.

'I think it behooves us to practice some aerial maneuvers together.' Proposed Angela

'Yes.' Agreed Fareeha 'We work well together, could quickly establish air superiority, and...' she looked around the carnage, her eyes finally settling on the crates they sat on; once neatly stacked and organized, nothing more than a giant messy heap of twisted metal.

'...hopefully, we can avoid doing this ever again.'

Chapter End Notes

Rocket Jumps are dangerous kids.

Day 15: Gym

Chapter Notes

Y'all are way too nice to me. For realz though, your comments make mah lil heart flutter off like a gay bird!

After that action packed last chapter, I think its time to relax a little bit...

Hah, never.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Angela strode into the gym in her workout gear, a simple long sleeve running shirt and some leggings, determined to make some progress on her fitness goals. After numerous training exercises and two missions, Angela finally admitted to herself that her physical strength was not what it once was. While she had kept up a decent fitness routine in between Overwatch's, her time spent travelling had left her with few opportunities for strength conditioning. Her nomadic lifestyle left her mostly with bodyweight routines and running, and even then, she didn't have much time for that.

After a training exercise/obstacle course race two days ago, Angela had felt frustratingly weak from the ordeal, and accidentally dropped Hana when she was supposed to be giving her a boost up a wall. The girl weighed in at a little under fifty-five kilograms, a weight Angela knew she had once bench pressed with relative ease in the original Overwatch. However, that Overwatch had also installed mandatory team fitness and calisthenics days, to ensure that the situation she currently found herself in *never happened*.

As she stretched and observed the vacant gym, she decided to warm up to heavier weights by doing part of her familiar bodyweight routine. She started on the treadmill with a decently paced jog, onto some assorted plank variations, and then some pullups.

'Well where was this physical prowess on the obstacle course?' said an Egyptian voice.

Angela smirked ruefully as she worked through her last rep, struggling to raise her chin above the bar. She ended up doing it, and dropped to the ground, grinning.

She turned to face Fareeha, in a hoodie with the sleeves cut off and some compression shorts, gym bag slung over her shoulder, and smiling broadly. After two weeks on base, Angela had gotten used to Fareeha's subtly commanding/beautiful presence, but seeing her insane physique still knocked the wind out of Angela.

'I just needed to be warmed up, that's all.' replied Angela, also smiling.

Fareeha gave a little chuckle, and chucked her gym bag by the rack of free weights. She knelt down, opened her bag, and began to rummage around in it, still looking at Angela.

'I've never seen you at the gym before, what brings you here?' she asked.

Angela ambled over to sit on a bench near the free weights racked, still eyeing Fareeha.

‘Well, as we both know from my performance at the obstacle course, I am nowhere near as strong as I used to be-’

‘Oh, now you’re just being rude to yourself.’ Interrupted Fareeha, as she took out a resistance band and started to stretch out her shoulders.

‘But it’s true Fareeha!’ Laughed Angela, not at all drinking in the way Fareeha’s shoulder muscles tantalizingly flexed with the band. ‘I dropped *Hana*, Fareeha. The girl barely weighs over fifty kilos! All I had to do was give her a decent enough boost to climb over a *gottverdammet* wall, and I dropped her!’

‘Alright when you put it like that...’ grinned Fareeha, as she stepped on one end of the band, and began stretching out her biceps, which *nearly* made Angela melt.

‘Ex- exactly!’ she exclaimed, barely covering up her momentary slip in composure.

‘So then, what are you planning to do?’ Fareeha asked, still stretching.

‘I was just about to start doing some weights.’ Angela replied. ‘Though I must admit, it’s been years since I touched a barbell, and I most definitely am out of practice.’

‘Ah, that’s no worry, I can be your spotter and general gym buddy if you’d like.’ Said Fareeha, haphazardly throwing her tension band on top of her gym bag, while she smiled at Angela.

‘Thank you Fareeha, I think that will be very helpful for me!’ said Angela, returning the smile.

It was just for a second. Less than a second actually, merely the briefest of tiniest moments.

Both women got hopelessly, utterly, lost in each others eyes and smiles.

‘So uhm...starting with some mobility exercises would probably be the best thing to do.’ Suggested Fareeha, tearing her eyes away from Angela. She picked up her resistance band and handed it to Angela.

‘Yes! Good idea!’ squeaked Angela, grabbing the band and turning swiftly to face the wide array of weights, mimicking Fareeha’s previous motions.

After the two had warmed up, they moved over to one of the squat racks, and began warming up with the bar.

‘Got it?’ asked Fareeha, as Angela unracked the barbell, the bar slung across her back.

‘Yeah.’ Replied Angela, as she shuffled her feet wider apart. ‘*Gott* it’s been so long since I’ve worked out like this.’ She slowly dipped into a deep squat, held her position for a moment, and pushed upright.

‘You never really forget how to do it.’ replied Fareeha, as Angela squatted again. Fareeha became suddenly *very interested* in the ceiling lights as Angela reached the bottom of her squat. ‘Even for non-geniuses, so you’ll be lifting double your bodyweight in no time.’ she said, panicked.

Angela nearly dropped the bar in laughter, and just managed to re-rack it.

‘Oh shut up and give me some weight to this thing.’ The Swiss woman retorted with, quietly glad that she got red so easily from exercise so that Fareeha wouldn’t notice her blush.

Angela powered through her set of squats, pleasantly surprised that she single rep maxed out at a solid 95 Kilograms, just a few plates short of her highest personal record. This accomplishment was soon dwarfed by Fareeha, who did three reps of her personal record of 165 kilograms.

Angela couldn’t help but stare at Fareeha as she exercised...for medical reasons of course, *purely* medical reasons. Fareeha reracked the bar after her last set, and turned to face Angela, smiling widely ‘Bench press then?’ she asked.

‘Yes! A competition then, shall we?!’ yelled a Russian voice.

Fareeha and Angela turned to see Zarya, clad in sweatpants and a hoodie, grinning widely at them.

‘Come on, breaking PRs is good fun, and improves strength better!’ Zarya said.

Fareeha gave a laugh, and began emptying the barbell of weights. ‘I’m game if Angela is.’ she said.

Angela honestly felt a little self conscious about engaging in a weightlifting competition, but under the gazes of the two resident Gym-Rats of Overwatch, Angela replied with ‘Sure! Just don’t expect too much from me!’

Zarya went first, naturally. She was spotted by Fareeha, but the Egyptian’s presence was completely unnecessary, as she swiftly met her middle weight of 135 Kilograms, and pressed up and down six times.

‘This.’ declared Fareeha, as Zarya reracked the weight, and sat up. ‘This’ll be my target for today, one by one-thirty five.’

Zarya laughed and clapped her hands loudly. ‘Good to hear! Always striving my friend!’

Angela went next, and felt rather diminutive after Zarya topped of her sixth set, at a one rep max of 175 Kilograms. However, Angela’s initial trepidation at benching soon quickly turned to determination by her fourth set, where she pushed two thirds of her body weight above her.

‘Zarya.’ she said, still somewhat breathless during her rest time ‘Can you bring the weight up to fifty-five kilos please?’

Fareeha gave a small smile as she gave Angela a knowing look: 55 Kilograms was about the weight of one D.Va.

Zarya loaded up the proper weight, and Angela psyched herself up for three more reps, which she powered through with gritted teeth. When she reracked the bar, Fareeha gave out a little hoot of congratulations and clapped.

‘Well done, you’ve now run out of excuses for holding up the team during obstacle course

training!’ she teased. Zarya gave out a bark of laughter, and Angela grinned widely as she threw her water bottle at Fareeha.

‘Watch it, or I’ll use some of Torbjorn’s molten cores to cauterize you the next time you get shot.’ she teasingly threatened.

‘That is a very morbid threat doctor, but more to the point,’ said Zarya ‘are you ready for your max rep? Sixty Kilos!’

Zarya loaded up the appropriate amount of weight again, and Angela braced herself for one final effort. She lifted the bar and held it above her for a moment, Zarya’s deft hands hovering below the barbell. Angela brought the bar down to her sternum with slightly shaking arms, and closing her eyes, pushed the bar back above her with all her strength.

Zarya let out a loud cheer as Angela reracked the bar for the final time, grinning to herself in victory. She sat up, feeling rather hot and sweaty, removed her athletic shirt, cooling off in just her sports bra. She looked up at Fareeha, who was grinning at her proudly, and raised her arms in victory. ‘Wwwooooo!’ she said

Angela, hot, sweaty, in sports bra. Abs. Cleavage. Fareeha was pretty sure she had a miniature seizure as Angela made eye contact with her, and threw her arms up in celebration ‘Wwwooooo!’

Fareeha was up next, and after a quick warm up, she confidently pushed through her first five sets. Now it was the big one; matching Zarya’s middle weight of 135 Kilos. Fareeha gave her shoulders another good stretch, as she slowed her breathing down to focus on the task at hand.

Her previous One rep record was at 127.5 Kilograms, so needless to say, this would be a big accomplishment for her.

‘Ready?’ said Angela, who had volunteered to spot her this time around. Fareeha had quickly recovered her composure after Angela undressed; lifting really heavy things usually drove any distraction out of the mind.

‘Almost, just give me a few more seconds.’ replied Fareeha, who rotated her shoulders slowly backwards and forwards.

‘You are almost victorious my friend! Soon enough, you’ll be matching me, weight for weight!’ said Zarya as she clapped Fareeha on the back, who was rocked forward severely by the blow. Angela pouted slightly at the rough act of camaraderie, but if Fareeha felt any sort of discomfort from the hit, she did not show it, a sly grin forming on her lips.

‘Alright then, let’s do this.’ said Fareeha, as she laid down on the bench and grasped the bar. She briefly looked up at Angela, and asked ‘Ready?’

‘Are you?’ Angela retorted, with a smile.

Fareeha gave a little laugh ‘We’ll soon find out, won’t we?’

Fareeha readjusted her grip, closed her eyes, gave a few deep breaths, and lifted the bar. Her arms immediately began to tremble under the weight as she simply held it above her head. Zarya’s grin turned into a look of alertness; stood a few feet away from the bench to Fareeha’s side, she was ready to intervene if Fareeha over exerted herself.

Angela however wasn’t taking any chances. She shuffled slightly forward, and bent over a little further to place her hands directly under the bar, ready to assist Fareeha at the first sign of trouble.

One Hundred Thirty Five Kilograms was *a lot* of weight.

Fareeha was amazed at how seven and a half more kilos could so drastically increase the difficulty of her bench press. She immediately closed her eyes, gritting her teeth in determination, as she held the bar above her, getting used to the weight.

She slowly brought the bar downward to her sternum, inhaling deeply as she went, fighting just to keep the bar from crushing her.

‘*Come on, come on, come on, you can do this, you can do this...*’ she repeated in her head. Finally, she felt the metal press against her chest, and prepared herself for the big push.

With a grunt of effort, Fareeha slowly pushed the bar upward. Her arms trembled, her face flushed, every muscle in her body on fire, forcing air through gritted teeth, she opened her eyes to-

Angela’s cleavage was centimeters from her face.

Fareeha’s concentration and grit vacated her brain, and all the air seemed to have left her lungs. She felt as though she was punched in the gut.

More specifically, she felt as if three hundred pounds of metal slammed into her chest.

Then she finally registered the barbell slowly suffocating her.

Angela made a mistake, a huge mistake. In her defense, everything happened *so* quickly.

Zarya didn’t even have a chance to take the two steps forward she needed to reach Fareeha and help.

As soon as the barbell landed on Fareeha, Angela tried her best to lift the bar upward to the rack, but to no avail. She wasn’t thinking, and she decided the next best course of action was to dip the barbell to one side of the bench, and sort of shimmy it off of Fareeha.

Angela shifted slightly forward again, placed both her hands round the bar on Fareeha’s right side, and heaved. The weight finally shifted, and like a seesaw, the left side came crashing down onto the floor:

Onto *Angela's foot*.

Immediately Angela could tell she had broken her big toe, but her brain promptly shut off as pain lanced up from her foot.

When Zarya finally reached Fareeha, Angela had dropped to the ground in pain, falling backwards awkwardly, a string of curses in German spewing from her mouth.

‘Athena, call a medic to the gymnasium!’ ordered Zarya, as she hefted the bar off of Fareeha, and threw it to the ground. Zarya then rushed to check on the fallen medic, horrified at how both of her compatriots had become injured in just under a second.

Athena’s curious voice broke through the speakers saying, ‘Is Doctor Ziegler not already at the gym-’

‘Another healer, now Athena!’ interrupted Zarya. Despite the urgency of it all, Athena’s confusion couldn’t help but amuse her.

Under different circumstances, Angela and Fareeha probably would have found it funny too, but they were far too busy writhing in pain to notice.

Chapter End Notes

Always use a spotter when pushing yourself, even if you just ask a stranger to spot for you! (And wear proper gym attire, for fucks sake, jeans are not breathable)

I figured by this time, everyone in the bloody world would have started using the metric system (looking at you my fellow Americans) hence, all these Kilos.

I will need to delay next weeks entry into the series, as midterms are approaching, and I will be out of town for the weekend (PAX East hype woop woop!), but I promise, the next chapter will be extra, extra juicy!

To give y'all a wee glimpse of it, the next chapter involves:

1. Cristiano Ronaldo (sort of)
2. Overwatch's resident meteorologist
3. Alcohol

Whoever predicts the plot of the next chapter wins ten dollars (I'm not joking, I'll actually PayPal you).

See y'all March 19th!

Day 30: Bar (1)

Chapter Notes

Oh boy have I been looking forward to this one...

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

BREAKING NEWS: The hostage situation in Madrid Server Farm has finally come to a conclusion, with intervention from an unknown third party swinging the tide in favor of the local authorities. All hostages are accounted for and unharmed, with the terrorists responsible either dead or in captivity.

Forces on scene cite two aerial units from the unknown third party being instrumental in rescuing the hostages, who reportedly came in through the ceiling of the building where the hostages were, catching the terrorists off guard.

Despite the undeniable assistance of this third party, the UN is wary of sanctioning any 'vigilante' activity, and have subsequently listed this unknown group on the Amber Level Terror List...

'Another round of drinks and chips!' yelled Lena, dragging Reinhardt with her towards the bar. The crew of Overwatch had taken shelter in a small town in the Zaragoza territory of Spain, finding a pub called ' *El Toro Graso* ' The Oily Bull: named so, for the fully articulated robotic bull riding machine the pub kept, imported from America's Deep South. Needless to say, McCree had enjoyed sharing a bit of his heritage with the crew.

The four tables they scrunched together were littered with empty drinks and pub-grub. Under normal circumstances, a post successful mission celebration would not be this rowdy nor indulgent, but today was particularly special: they were reunited with Mei-Ling Zhou.

Mei, miraculously and most likely tragically un-aged (she had yet to disclose exactly where she had been for the past fifteen years), had discovered Talon agents trying to gather her research on the rapidly changing climate. She followed the trail of breadcrumbs to the Server Farm in Madrid, where Talon forces had made a base to analyze any data that came into their clutches.

The whole hostage situation had actually been a ruse; as Mei alerted the local authorities to Talon presence, the Talon agents feigned a hostage scenario to stall the Police, so they could safely extract all their precious data. Mei had managed to contact Overwatch, and inform them of the farce. Angela had volunteered to go in first, determined to save her old friend, and naturally wherever Mercy went, Pharah was not far.

Fareeha eyed Angela, who had been almost inseparable from Mei the entire night. The two sat next to each other, chatting about everything from cloning Mammoths from fossils to arguing over who ordered the more superior Milkshake special; Angela chose the Coffee-Caramel Swirl

while Mei had opted for a Peanut Butter Banana Shake.

In fact, their milkshake discussion was their most heated of the night. Probably because they, along with mostly everyone else in Overwatch present, was *drunk as hell*.

‘Mei, if you’ll just lemme finish, I-’ Angela slurped at the dregs of her valuable milkshake before continuing ‘the health *hiccup* health benefit of-’

‘If by ‘health benefit’ you mean ‘sheer amount of caffeine’, then yes, I’ll agree with you that your monstrosity of a dessert beats mine! And-’ Mei started speaking in Mandarin at that point, and Fareeha utterly lost track of the conversation. Angela seemed to understand her however, and interrupted the Chinese woman frequently, speaking a mixture of German and French.

Fareeha toyed with the straw to her rum and coke, observing the rest of the table with a smile. Nights like this were needed. With the UN and Terrorist Forces on their tale, a shoestring budget, almost no support staff to speak of, and in general, the whole world opposing them in every way possible, the forces of the new Overwatch needed to relax whenever they could.

How could you fight for a better world when you forget what living well in the present feels like?

Reinhardt and Lena swooped back to the table, laden with more pitchers of beer and junk food. Fareeha passed on a beer refill, but happily picked at the cheesy fries laid next to her, sipping her rum and coke, still observing her happy compatriots.

She reached for another couple of fries when her hand bumped into someone else's. She turned her head to see Jack Morrison, Soldier 76, Former Strike Commander, ‘Uncle Jack’, and his scarred and grizzled face, stained with queso-cheese, and a handful of fries sticking out of his mouth.

Fareeha couldn’t help but burst out laughing, as Jack calmly squeezed a few more fries in his mouth, and began to chew. And boy did it take him a while to break all those fries down.

Fareeha, wiping tears from her eyes, slowly stopped laughing just as Jack managed to swallow his fries, already reaching for some more.

‘They’re good fries.’ he said.

‘And you’re hogging them.’ retorted Fareeha.

Jack smirked amidst his chewing, and nudged the fries over towards Fareeha. They sat in silence enjoying their fries and drinks, as the two watch in bemusement as Hana, Lucio, Lena, Zarya, and McCree down some flaming tequila shots.

‘Good god, how does anyone stomach those things?’ mumbled Jack, taking a sip of his beer

‘Be twenty five years younger, *Uncle Jack*.’ Fareeha sneered playfully.

Jack grimaced slightly before he popped another fry into his mouth.

‘Still a smartass, *kid*.’ said Jack.

‘Being a smartass goes with my surname.’ replied Fareeha.

That brought the smile back to Jack’s face, and then-

‘Pharahhhh! Far- *hiccup* Fareeeehhhhaa!’ crooned Angela. She leaned across the table,

grinning wildly, Mei mocking her by mimicking her posture.

‘Yes *Doctor* Ziegler?’ asked Fareeha.

Jack snorted as he took another pull of his beer, and Mei giggled at the mocking tone in Fareeha’s voice. Angela however, pouted slightly and furrowed her brow.

‘Bist du...making fun of me?’ slurred Angela.

Fareeha raised her eyebrows, relishing at Angela’s mixing of languages.

‘I’d never dream of it. What did you want to ask?’

Angela scrunched up her eyes in concentration for a second, Fareeha waiting expectantly.

‘I can’t remember!’ giggled Angela. Mei shoved her playfully, and the two Doctors fell into a fit of laughter. ‘I’m drunk! Aren’t you drun- *hiccup* drunk Fareeha?’

Fareeha looked at her two wasted, esteemed colleagues, and then Fareeha chugged the rest of her rum and coke, Jack looking on with a bemused grin on his face.

‘Give me about five minutes.’ Said Fareeha.

Mei and Angela both cheered. Fareeha turned to face Jack, giving him a challenging look. The old man gave in, and downed his beer, immediately pouring another one.

‘Fine.’ He said.

Fareeha laughed, Angela and Mei cheering with renewed gusto.

‘Everyone, I’d like to make an announcement!’ yelled Fareeha, gaining the attention of everyone. ‘Our illustrious leader is getting wasted!’

The entire table gave a raucous cheer, as Jack began chugging his newly poured beer. The smile on his face took fifteen years off of his face, and for a moment, you could see the poster boy of righteousness he once stood for.

‘Arm wrestling!’ Declared Reinhardt ‘Jack my friend, you and I!’

Jack held his free hand up, a single finger pausing Reinhardt’s declaration, while he finished off his beer. He placed his glass down, not a single drop of beer left, as he began refilling his glass.

‘One more, and you’re on.’ he said.

The table cheered again, Jack began chugging his fresh beer, and Genji began taking bets on who would win.

‘Well ‘ang on, theres ‘bout a hundre-poun’ difference ‘tween them two! Seems a bit one sided!’ Commented Tracer, terribly slurring her words.

Fareeha raised her hand, a solution ready: ‘Weight catagories then, Lightweight, Middleweight, and Heavyweight. I’ll face Jack.’

More cheers erupted money exchanged hands, and everyone re-arranged themselves to center around the two ‘combatants’. Fareeha and Jack assumed their positions, each of their right hands grasped in each others.

‘Three, two, one, go!’ exclaimed Reinhardt. Fareeha and Jack immediately fell into a tense deadlock, both their hands shaking as they pushed against each other with all their might.

Beads of sweat ran down their faces, and both gritted their teeth.

Angela, well and drunk at this point, marvelled at how Fareeha seemed to glow in the light.

‘Mmmmmmmmmmm...’

‘What did you say Angela?’ asked Mei

‘Hm? Nichts...’ she mumbled, and resumed cheering with the rest of Overwatch.

Fareeha slammed down Jack’s hand, and immediately raised her hands in victory. The Overwatch crew went wild, and even Jack smiled widely, as money exchanged hands.

A few more matchups happened, each met with celebrations and gambling: Genji bested Lucio, but Jack beat the Ninja next round. Angela and Lena got into an intense gridlock, that eventually, Angela emerged victorious from. But the big matchup was between Reinhardt and Zarya, which after a solid five minutes, the Russian Bear emerged victorious from.

‘Me! And you, Fareeha!’ yelled Zarya. She pointed at Fareeha, her arms bulging menacingly in her sleeveless tank.

‘Wait, what happened to the weight classes?’ exclaimed Genji indignantly, as he brokered the winnings and losses of the team.

Zarya took another swig of the whisky she was drinking, killing half the bottle in one go. ‘Then not for money, simply for fun!’ she declared, slamming the bottle down. Despite Genji’s (very good) observation, the rest of Overwatch placed their bets on a winner: unsurprisingly, Zarya was the favorite.

Fareeha grinned, and took off her sweatshirt and threw it at Zarya. She flexed her muscles as imposingly as she could, a wild grin on her face.

‘Bring it you Kirby-Headed Bond Villain Henchman!’ exclaimed Fareeha.

Zarya threw her head back, dying with laughter.

‘What? Are you like a ninety year old babushka?!’ the Russian yelled.

Lucio pointed a finger at Fareeha, grinning wildly. ‘For real Cap, that’s some serious old people references right there.’

‘Wait wot, the hells a Kirby?’ asked Tracer, as Zarya plonked herself down in the chair opposite Fareeha.

‘Ancient fucking History.’ replied Lucio.

Zarya and Fareeha took their positions, and Genji counted down ‘Three, two, one, go!’

Angela was actively salivating looking at Fareeha, her arms bulging in the tight fitting running shirt she wore.

Angela’s drunk mind broke down all the barriers she had built against Fareeha’s sexual magnetism. Drunk-gela let herself run wild with dirty thoughts; of her and the Egyptian alone in a hotel room, or locked in a closet, or in the med-bay...

‘Ok Angela, seriously, what are you doing?’

Angela turned to Mei, who was snickering at her, and pointing at Angela’s hands.

‘Gonna save that for when you need cheering up?’ teased Mei.

Angela followed Mei’s finger, and realized with a dull shock, that she was filming Fareeha with her phone.

A still sane, logical, part of Angela’s mind screamed at her to stop recording, and delete that video.

But Drunk-gela smashed that voice over the head with a folding chair, and screamed to post it to Angela’s blog.

The Swiss woman just giggled, and zoomed in on Fareeha’s arms.

Fareeha couldn’t believe it: she had won against Zarya.

To be fair, she *technically* cheated, making another ‘Kirby Hair’ quip that caused Zarya to laugh and her composure to falter. Which, Fareeha took full advantage of.

Part of Fareeha felt guilty for resorting to such trickery but, the thirty-five extra Euros she just earned made her ok with it.

‘Next time Amari! When I am more sober!’ laughed the Russian woman, as both she and Fareeha rose from their seats.

A few more rounds passed by, Mei vs (a very drunk) Angela, Genji vs Tracer, D.Va vs Lucio,

and finally Genji and Jack went toe-to-toe, where again, the old man emerged victorious.

Fareeha, riding the high of two straight victories and feeling rested, pointed her finger at Reinhardt, and declared 'You and me you old Lion!'

Reinhardt roared with laughter and made his way to one of the hot seats.

'Feeling confident?!' said Zarya boisterously, as Fareeha sat across from Reinhardt.

'Transitive Property!' Screamed Mercy. Zarya, Mei, and Genji, the closest to Angela all looked at her funny, as the drunk woman grinned back at them. Jack did the honors of starting the match, and the two competitors, who immediately came to a tense standstill, Angela hungrily eyeing Fareeha.

'If A...' she said slowly and slurred, pointing to Fareeha, only half aware that the compatriots she thought she was talking to were utterly engrossed in the arm wrestling match

'...is stronger than B...' She pointed to Zarya, catching her attention again.

'...And B, is stronger than C...' Continued Angela, moving her finger to Reinhardt

...' Than A is *hiccup* stronger than-'

Reinhardt gave a roar of determination, and in his excitement *threw Fareeha across the room* .

Reinhardt's jovial cry turned to horror, as Fareeha *smashed* into a table where a group of equally drunk and rowdy Footballers were.

Surprisingly, they did not take too kindly to their table being demolished.

Fareeha swam back to reality, through the haze of alcohol, bewilderment, and possible-head-trauma. People were screaming in Spanish around her.

'What...oh right, we're in the Zaragoza countryside-'

Her thought process was rudely interrupted by something dragging her arm upward. She groggily made it up to her feet, before she was violently shoved in her back. She tumbled forward, and fell to the ground again, this time, scooped up in smaller, friendlier, warmer hands, as a pair of fingers appeared in front of her eyes.

'Faree- *hiccup* Fareeha! Can you hear me?! How many fingers am I holding up?' said Angela.

Hearing Angela's voice snapped Fareeha out of her stupor, and she slowly stood up on her own.

'Two.' She said, with a small smirk, a look of relief flooding Angela's face.

Fareeha finally got a clear look at her surroundings, and was now witnessing a tense standoff between Reinhardt, Jack, and the disgruntled Spanish footballers.

'My friends, I sincerely apologize for our game getting out of hand, I assure you we meant no harm!' said Reinhardt, as softly as he could.

‘Listen *abuelo* , we don’t give a shit about your game, what the hell was that?!’ piped up one of the men, sporting the same hairstyle as the legendary Ronaldo. ‘How do you *accidentally* launch a woman across the room!’

‘Let me pay for your-’ Reinhardt didn’t get far, as the Ronaldo knock off *smashed a bottle into* the Old Man’s face.

Fareeha saw Jack deliver a precise jab to the perpetrators nose, before the whole bar erupted into fists.

Fareeha’s first instinct was to protect Angela: she wrapped herself around the Swiss woman, as a *chair* shattered against her, seemingly thrown from out of nowhere. Fareeha quickly uncoiled herself from around Angela, and slammed her elbow into the nearest aggressor.

‘Watch my back, we’ll get through this!’ yelled Fareeha to Angela, as the two of them assumed a sort of back-to-back position, taking on assorted attackers.

Somehow Flamenco music started blaring from the bar’s speakers. Frenetically percussive strumming dominated the screams, grunts, and crashes. The Robotic Riding Bull, seemed to have been fully operational and/or sentient, as it was now out of it’s faux pen, charging into anyone that got in it’s way. The barkeep stood on the bar, phone in hand, screaming the ancient chant that traditionally goes with filmed YouTube fights: *Worldstar* .

It was utter madness, and dammit, a small part of Fareeha was having the time of her life here.

‘I can’t believe I survived cryostasis to deal with this!’ Mei screamed, as she thwacked a man in the head with a pool cue.

Chapter End Notes

My it is good to be back here. Looking forward to posting the rest of the story!

Day 42: Error

Chapter Notes

Seriously though, all the nice comments and people just enjoying this fic makes my day!

But now, here's a curveball that might change your mind...

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

BREAKING NEWS: What is believed to have been a Talon incited Omnic attack on Manila has been successfully contained. Trans-Asainic and UN forces mobilized as swiftly as they could, but the situation was eased by intervention from what is believed to be an illicitly revived Overwatch, who arrived on site before Government forces could intervene. The supposed Overwatch group, also suspected of anti-terrorist activity in Spain two weeks ago, managed to control the flow of Omnics from Manila Bay and dismantle the immediate Talon forces. However, a large explosion from what ordnance investigators claim is a MEKA unit, did considerable damage to the densely populated area, causing half a billion TA dollars worth of damage, as well as injuring dozens, and killing at least seven civilians. UN forces have issued a response citing the Petras Act, as well as publicly condemning the actions of this international vigilante group, moving them up from the Amber Terror Watch to the Crimson level Terror Watch...

YOU DIED .

Hana stared at the big, red words, that had plagued gamers for over seventy years. She held her controller loosely in her lap, the ghost of a frown on her face. This was her thirty-third attempt on this boss: she usually figured out how to perfectly kill these bosses within three goes. She was just...off. Today.

‘Mind if I have a go?’

Hana turned to see Fareeha, striding towards her, a cup of tea in each hand. Fareeha plonked down next to Hana, at the foot of the small sofa in the common room. She handed Hana one of the cups of tea, which she accepted with a small, weak smile.

‘Thanks cap.’ she murmured.

‘No problem.’ Fareeha said, taking a sip of her tea. ‘Can I have a go? I haven’t played one of these games since I was your age.’

Hana nodded, and passed Fareeha the pink controller.

‘Thanks.’ said she said, as Fareeha then opened the menu to change the controller layout.

She played Southpaw.

Fareeha began to fall into a pretty good rhythm, quickly learning the types of attacks the giant boss would throw at her, when to dodge or block, when to retreat and replenish stamina, and most importantly, when and where to strike.

On her third attempt, the massive, octo-appendeged giant fell to the ground, dead; and those two sweet, golden words appeared on the screen: *YOU DEFEATED* .

Fareeha raised her hands up in the air, a small grin on her face, 'Yes!' she quietly exclaimed.

Hana grinned behind her tea, still slowly sipping it. She liked the warmth in her hands.

Fareeha held out the controller to Hana, which she softly took with one hand. The two sat in silence, sipping their tea, as Hana resumed her game.

Hana navigated her digital avatar through the desolate, gloomy, gothic architecture that made this series famous, expertly dispatching enemies as they came at her. Hana kept her face glued to the screen, her tea forgotten.

But she could feel Fareeha watching her intently.

Hana eventually reached one of the series' iconic bonfires and lit it. As the environment lit up, a couple of skeletons were illuminated: it was a family. Two skeletons, shielding two smaller ones, immortalized forever in death, in a position of fear.

Hana's grip on the controller slackened, hitting the floor with a soft thud. She stared at the skeletons, her breathing becoming heavier. She felt Fareeha, boring holes into the side of her face with her stare. She swallowed.

'I was the best in the MEKA program.' Hana said, finally. 'Literally, the actual best, I had the stats, I had the peer and officer reports, and I had thousands of people I saved to prove it.'

She still didn't look at Fareeha. All she could do was be trapped by those digital skeletons.

'I've Self-Destructed before, you've seen me, you know I do it perfectly, you know I do it...cautiously, I do it strategically, I do it when I know there's no other option.' She said, increasingly desperate. 'I'm never scared when I eject. I always know I'm never in danger when I set a Self-Destruct, I know how far away I need to be. But today...'

She grimaced to herself, still staring at the skeletons.

'Today...when I ejected and hid, I curled up in a ball and cried.'

She felt her eyes well up again, and her small frame began to tremble.

'I shouldn't have Self-Destructed...I even said it to myself as I activated it.' her sentences were ragged, heavy, as if saying it all out loud suddenly made it real. 'I could have taken more hits, even though I was surrounded, even though they had rockets and armor piercing rounds. I could have fallen back, could have just boosted up like,' she gestured wildly with her arms upward, a small sob escaping her mouth. 'A few floors up one of the apartment buildings, and I would have been fine, I know that, I even knew it *in the goddamn moment*, but I just-'

She couldn't say *that* out loud, she couldn't *make that real* . She finally tore her eyes away from the screen, and buried her face in her hands, trying to steady her breath into long, deep, cycles.

'You panicked.'

Fareeha said it without judgement, without malice. She said it softly, she said it factually.

Hana tensed her whole body up to try and prevent the shaking getting worse, as she closed her fingers around her face, nails digging into her skin, eyes tightening shut to hold back the moisture.

‘You panicked because you were in a bad situation...and you were alone.’ continued Fareeha.

Hana felt everything inside her implode. With all her might, she held back the cascade of water in her eyes at bay, stopping herself from admitting that-

‘I saw a family as I was ejecting.’ *Too late* . ‘There were six of them. Parents, three kids, and their grandma. Huddled together. They were running down the sidewalk, trying to get to the school we had secured. They were scared...’

Hana realized she was pulled into Fareeha’s comforting grip, her head guided to rest on the Captain’s shoulder. Just like how Hana couldn’t stop herself from talking, she couldn’t stop herself crying either.

‘I killed them Captain. I killed them, and I hid. I see their faces everytime I close my eyes.’

She was weeping in earnest now, unable to hold anything now, gripping tightly onto Fareeha.

The older veteran let her hold on, as she held her back too.

Hana Song had the kind of voice that could only be playful, optimistic, and confident. So hearing her cry, hearing her so filled with anguish, was one of the worst noises to reach Angela’s ears.

Working late into the night, Angela had decided to check on Hana, who she knew was certainly not ok after today’s events. When Angela did not find Hana in the room she had claimed in Watchpoint Cebu, she made her way to the other room D.Va was most likely to be in: the one with the big TV.

When Angela approached, she heard Hana spill her heart out, to none other than Fareeha, and Angela felt it was best not to interrupt. So here she was hiding just out of sight in the hallway, eavesdropping on her two teammates, her two friends.

‘Its alright to not feel ok Hana.’ said Fareeha, her voice resolute and reassuring.

Hana’s sobs subsided slightly, and Angela dared to peek around the door frame. The pair were huddled at the foot of the couch, their backs turned to Angela.

‘I’m supposed to be better than this Pharah, I’m supposed to be the best. I can’t afford to make mistakes, I can’t feel like this!’ said Hana, her voiced raised and stuttering in desperation.

‘That’s a trap.’ said Fareeha simply. ‘Mistakes will always be made, plans will always go wrong, and people will always die. Cutting out your humanity for your own sake won’t do anyone any favors...it’s where the original Overwatch went wrong.’

Angela saw Fareeha tilt her head to look at Hana, catching the profile of Fareeha’s face. Despite

the solemnity of the situation, a small part of Angela couldn't help but notice Fareeha had her 'Soldier Smoulder' face on: calm, confident, strong, unable to not be incredibly handsome.

'War will always try to turn you into a killing, unfeeling machine, and you cannot let it. When that happens, you can't tell the difference between fighting *for* good, and fighting evil. Trust me Hana, what makes a soldier is not one's ability to kill, but to endure.' She said, pausing to let her words sink in, as Hana's sobs became less and less heavy.

'And...what happened today wasn't your fault. Truly, it wasn't.' Fareeha said, turning her gaze away from Hana, while the Korean girl looked up at her. Angela caught a glimpse of her face; splotchy, red, and tear streaked.

'It's over used, but the death of that family wasn't your fault...it was mine.' Said Fareeha. Hana scrunched her face in a pained expression, opening her mouth to say something but-

'I should have had Zarya guard the entrance to the school, rather than have her continue to escort civilians into the school. Angela and Zenyatta had that secured, they didn't need Zarya's help. I should have had Jesse and Genji down on the ground, rather than sweeping the rooftops, looking for any more snipers...' Fareeha spoke almost mechanically, like she was giving a mission report. Every syllable, drenched in regret: it made Hana's frown deepen, and Angela's heart sink.

'But most importantly; I should have brought you closer to the rest of the group. I had you out there, a football pitch away from us, alone...' Fareeha gave a heavy, shaky sigh, before continuing, '*And I should have been with you* . I should have been at the frontline with you, not hovering above everyone, like some foreman watching their factory workers.'

Angela's heart ached with every admission of defeat Fareeha gave, and the way Hana's pained face contorted, seeing the woman she idolized sound so deflated. Fareeha let the silence hang over her for a second, before she turned back to face Hana, the two women finally making eye contact since the start of their conversation.

'I failed you Hana. I failed Overwatch. I failed and got a family, killed.' Fareeha stated. 'But you... you did the best you could to salvage my mistake. You stopped an enemy counter attack. One that probably would have gotten a lot more innocent people killed.'

Hana's face fell again, and she averted her eyes away from Fareeha.

'Maybe...' The girl mumbled.

'Definitely.' said Fareeha 'It's not supposed to make you feel better or...make everything ok. But Hana, just as it's fact that a lot of bad happened today, so did a lot of good...because of you.'

Hana had stopped crying, and looked back at Fareeha, with an expression that almost looked like defiance, as if she wanted everything to stay 'not ok'. Angela saw Fareeha's lips twitch upward slightly, and the Egyptian woman reached awkwardly over Hana to grab the long discarded pink game controller. She nestled into a more comfortable position, and unpaused the game, swiftly moving away from the bonfire that had sparked Hana's distress.

'Hana this is going to happen again and again over the course of your soldiering life. You'll always trade some bad for some good.' Said Fareeha, as she directed her digital avatar straight into a booby trap she had not seen. Angela raised her eyebrows at the screen, as flames drenched Fareeha's character. Just as she managed to extinguish herself, she barrelled into an aggressive looking, large armored skeleton.

Fareeha managed to keep the enemy's onslaught at bay for a while, but eventually, the AI enemy

landed a killing blow.

YOU DIED.

Fareeha gave a rueful laugh, and held the controller up for Hana to take.

‘You just need to keep going, and eventually, the good outweighs the bad.’ said Fareeha.

Hana swallowed, took the controller, and stared at it for a second. She took a deep, calming breath, and glanced at Fareeha, smiling a little.

‘Thank you Pharah.’ she whispered. She turned back to the screen, and left the bonfire, not glancing at the skeletons huddled in the corner. ‘I’m calling bullshit luck on that last boss fight. If a glorified tinfoil wearing zombie can take you out, then you seriously need to *git gud*.’

Fareeha smiled, and stood up, as Angela hid herself behind the frame of the entry way, now only hearing Fareeha and the game audio.

‘I expect you to teach me exactly how to *git gud*.’ she said, as Angela heard her footsteps approach the entryway. ‘Go to bed eventually, you little Gremlin.’

Angela tried to make herself as small as possible against the wall, and just as she had hoped, Fareeha did not notice her, as she walked down the hall, opposite of where Angela had come from. Her stride, confident and sure as usual, was quick, and Angela could only assume she was eager to go to bed. Angela silently approached her, wanting to thank Fareeha for comforting-

The Egyptian woman stopped dead in her tracks and bowed her head, her right hand going to her face, and her left hand bracing herself against the wall. Angela also froze, stunned, as Fareeha tensed, her breathing becoming heavy and ragged, just as Hana’s was moments ago...

‘Fareeha? Are you-’ Angela started, her medical training starting to take over, as she extended a hand to Fareeha.

Fareeha lurched forward, avoiding Angela’s touch. Fareeha spun slowly to face Angela, her handsome, angled face, a wreck of conflicting emotions: anger, sadness, mania, twisted her mouth into a tortured, utterly forced half smile. Her eyes were wide, like she was searching for an oncoming attack, and filled with moisture.

Pharah, Overwatch’s shining paragon of discipline, bravery, and justice, shook her head weakly at Angela. Her mouth caved, and gave way to a deep frown, as a sob escaped her lips, turning away from Angela, jogging back down the hall, her hands desperately covering her ears, trying to block out a noise only she could hear...

Angela stared after Fareeha, her heart in a million pieces.

Chapter End Notes

Mix the good with the hard parts.

Day 44: Recovery

Chapter Notes

Left of with a few broken hearts....

...aaannddd the first eighth of this chapter is going to continue that...

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

We were in a small village. I'm still amazed, it's nearly the Twenty Second Century, and still, so many communities are lacking the basic needs to live: internet, security, work, infrastructure, food, water. It makes it possible for assholes to pervert peaceful, beautiful, faiths, and assume power. I was never particularly good at submitting before god, but compared to these monsters, I may as well have been a Prophet.

Looking back at it, it really was supposed to be routine. We were there to guard the humanitarian workers, who were trying their best to offer their assistance to the community, who had recently fallen victim to an Omnic attack. Egyptian forces clashed with the Omnics there, and both sides had caused considerable damage.

The village was in ruins, death and destruction everywhere, and it was so bad, even the stubborn, self-proclaimed 'Holy Men' council decided to at least hold talks. I, alongside two of my squadmates, Jibrii and Sahib, were patrolling the southern side of the building where the village leaders held the talks.

As we walked, we talked. We were on alert of course, but nothing so far had happened. I wish I remember what we had spoken about. I have a vague memory of Jibrii saying something about his aunt, of Sahib laughing, and of me, talking about this beautiful, blonde, angel I knew.

We passed a burned out car, destroyed in the conflict. We didn't see it coming, none of us did, what could we have possibly done to check for it?

Jibrii's throat exploded outwards in a shower of gore. He just looked surprised. Like he just checked his bank account, realizing he had spent a lot more on a drunken weekend than he had meant to. Yeah, that's how he looked...

I didn't see Sahib get hit, but he fell forward too, pain flashing across his face. So at least he had an idea as to what was going on, unlike poor Jibrii...

It was only after I saw my two comrades fall, then the sound of gunfire registered in my ears. It's funny isn't it, how we perceive things in such a weird order? It was the sound that kicked my instincts into overdrive, and made me drop to the ground. It was the sound that made me fire my rifle, blindly, in a controlled burst towards the source.

It was sound that I had fired at, not what I saw. Because if I saw the two kids, no older than a decade, probably brother and sister, armed with ancient ballistic rifles, I don't know if I would have fired at them.

I saw my four bursts of rounds cut these kids down. I saw pain flash across their tiny faces as they were struck, with expert precision, in the chest. I saw them fall in slow motion, even though what had just happened was lightning fast: the children hit the ground the same time Jibrii and Sahib

did.

In so many movies, they portray killing someone, especially an 'innocent' as immediately traumatic. There's a big, existential pause, as the survivor contemplates what they just did. In actuality, what happens is you glance at your aggressors, and then you ignore them, as you tend to your mortally wounded teammates.

The rest of it is a blur to me: somehow Jibrii and Sahib made it through. Somehow, my CO, the humanitarian worker, and even the Imam, managed to stop a full scale firefight from erupting. Somehow, I ended up in the back of a transport, and that's when the sickness hit me.

I vomited my non-existent lunch out the back of the transport, bile and tears streaking down my face between gags. In the sand and sick, I could see the faces of the kids I had killed: desolate, desperate, deluded, dead.

I was seventeen.

'OI, ANGELA!'

Angela looked up to see Lena, her goggles traded for some reflective aviators, her hair hidden beneath a snapback.

'Where the hell did you go? Come on love, there's shopping to be done!' the Brit exclaimed.

Angela nodded as she stood up from her seat, clambering out of the Jeepnie, into the hot Filipino sun. The Swiss woman immediately withered in the South East Asian heat and humidity. She increased the polarization in her sunglasses, widened the brim of her hat, and tinted her parasol to its maximum settings. Tracer, equally as uncomfortable in the heat, tinted her sunglasses as high as they would go, and while she had brought a simple hat, it lacked the semi-mechanical features to provide extra shade.

And she had completely forgone the multi-weather parasols, the ones Genji and Mei had bought specifically for the Overwatch members who were less inclined towards this weather.

The contingent of Overwatch members, consisting of Angela, Lena, Genji, Hana, and Mei were headed into the city of Minglanilla, to restock on groceries at the markets. The UN had increased aerial surveillance for Overwatch in the Philippines, so the crew had decided to stay put until their search efforts had diminished, and everyone thought it best to stock up on supplies in one big trip to market.

Genji, sans his full mask, moved to Lena and popped out one of the cooling units from his shoulders, offering it to her.

'You need those!' said Lena, alarmed despite her shrivelling demeanor.

'And since you decided not to bring the parasol I so *lovingly bought* for you, it looks like you could use this too.' Genji retorted, taking Lena's hand and putting the cooling unit in it.

'Children, behave!' snickered Hana, as a guilty looking Lena nonetheless placed the cooling unit

to the back of her neck, relief flooding her face.

Lena didn't think anyone saw, but she grabbed Genji's hand with a smile on her face.

Angela couldn't see her eyes, but she could tell that Lena was looking at Genji the way they tell actors to look during romantic scenes.

It made Angela's heart twist with... *something* .

'Why don't we all split up then?' suggested Mei, somehow, *still* in winter clothes. 'Make this all go a little faster?'

'Good idea, especially since our European Co-Workers seem to be actively dying.' snickered Hana.

Angela always hated feeling out of her element, and she adjusted her simple summer dress out of being flustered, more than anything else.

'Then why don't Lena and I pick up the refrigerated goods we need?' she suggested. She brought up the grocery list on her phone, and scrolled down to the aptly titled subsection *frozen goods* . 'I believe Hana, you requested three pints of cookie dough ice-cream?'

'Oh come on doc, don't give me this lecture now.' groaned Hana. 'I'll go with the rest of the Asians while the *Europeans* go get the frozen broccoli Dad 76 has been craving!'

Hana scampered away, grabbing Mei by the arm and excitedly dragged her towards the open markets. Lena gave a chuckle, and popped the coolant pod back into Genji's shoulder, giving him a quick peck on his metallic cheek.

'Off you get!' she giggled, giving him a light smack on his ass. Genji slowly walked after the rapidly disappearing Hana and Mei, his body turned so he could smirk at Lena, before casually waving to her, and chasing after his two compatriots.

' *Oh man, they're really in love...* ' thought Angela

‘Right then! Lets get goin, I’m bloody melting out here!’

Lena grabbed Angela’s hand and the two of them headed towards the indoor markets, scurrying to find shelter in an airconditioned, indoor oasis.

‘I really don’t understand how the rest of them stand this weather.’ mumbled Angela, the large sliding doors coming tantalizingly close.

‘Bet it has to do something with IQ levels.’ sniggered Lena ‘Actually scratch that, Mei kind of bucks that theory. How the hell is she wearing that big ol’ parka?’

‘Probably has something to do with the prolonged cryostasis. We’re actually still running tests on it, it’s equally terrifying and fascinating, her red blood cells have actually been-’

Lena tugged on Angela’s arm a little harder, and the two quickly entered the threshold of the grocery store, the air conditioning hit them and made all thoughts stop, the two women drinking in the relief of a more bearable climate.

‘Knew that would shut you up, hehe..’ murmured Lena.

Angela scrunched her face in a half-serious scowl, and stuck her tongue out at Lena.

‘Real professional doc,’ laughed Lena. ‘But come on! What do we need to be getting?’

Angela fished her phone out of her dresses pockets, and brought up the list again.

‘Ok, all sorts of frozen veggies, but Jack made it clear he wants some broccoli.’ She said.

Lena gave a retching noise, and the two women picked out a grocery cart, beginning to traipse toward the produce aisle, as Angela continued to list of the items they needed.

‘Pickles, some feta and cheddar cheese, cold cuts and other sandwich fixings, hummus, kimchi, pretty much every kind of juice and ice cream under the sun-’

‘Three pints for Hana.’ interjected Lena

‘Three pints for Hana,’ continued Angela ‘Chocolate and regular milk, frozen bananas, as much peanut butter as the budget allows, some smoked salmon, and Fare-’

Angela cut herself off, and stuffed her phone back into her pocket. Lena turned to Angela, a quizzical leer on her face.

‘What was that last bit?’ she asked.

‘Nothing.’ quipped Angela, suddenly turning red. She turned on her heel and power walked back to the shopping carts, speaking hurriedly to Lena, ‘I’ll send you the list and grab a cart so it all goes fast, see you later!’

‘That was weird...’ thought Lena. She wheeled her way towards the cheese section, and dialed up Genji on her watch.

‘*Ello love, you alright?*’ said a Japanese accented voice, emanating from her watch.

‘We’re fine, just wanted to ask, what do I owe you if I’m wrong about Angela and Fareeha?’

Angela sent the grocery list to Lena, with a quick note saying she’d get the ice cream. Angela needed to do this alone...

She first got all the ice cream everyone requested, scowling at Hana’s three pints, before standing with her hands at her hips, trying to figure out what kind of ice cream the one person who didn’t ask for any would like.

Angela hadn’t seen Fareeha since late last night outside the TV room. She didn’t show up for her daily gym session with Zarya, hadn’t appeared for any meals, and never got around to calibrating her Raptora.

Angela was glad that Hana seemed to have regained her usual, borderline annoying, bubblyness, but Fareeha’s absence could only leave Angela to conclude that the woman was still suffering dearly.

Angela wasn’t the biggest fan of Hana and Lucio’s frequent large indulging in junk food, but she had to admit its effectiveness of lifting their spirits (Overwatch’s most recent night out in Spain being a good example of that) And if Fareeha was too stubborn to come ask for help, Angela would bring the help to her.

Angela chewed the inside of her lip, pondering whether Fareeha would prefer a Chocolate Coffee swirl, or a Chocolate Mint...or maybe not chocolate at all. This was far more difficult than Angela had anticipated, so she decided to get both the Chocolate Swirl, and Mint, as well as a fruit punch blend and some halohalo.

Just in case.

Angela finally moved on from the ice creams, and then worried that perhaps Fareeha didn’t like Ice Cream at all...but what if she did? Angela couldn’t take the risk, she detoured to the candy section, and got a few hard fruit candies, taffies, gums, wafers, chocolates, and some candied fruits and nuts...

Just to be sure.

Angela finally felt that she was ready to move on, and get Jack’s coveted frozen broccoli, when she realized: Fareeha might not like sweets at all. The woman always guarded her protein bars, and when the few times Angela had seen her snacking, it was usually on some kind of chips.

Angela took another detour, this time to the dry snacks section, and chucked a few backs of party mix chips, granola, and pretzels, just to be sure. She paused inspecting some beef jerky, when she realized Fareeha might not want-

‘Angela, *what the fuck*.’

Angela turned in dread to see Lena, a half horrified half hysterical look on her face. Her shopping cart was perfectly organized compared to Angela's and carried the actual items from the grocery list (even Jack's broccoli).

'That's pretty bloody hypocritical to get all high and mighty about the 'dangers of junkfood' dontcha think Ange?' sneered the Brit

'It's not what you think!' panicked Angela, flailing her arms slightly. Lena skipped over to the mountain of snacks that was Angela's shopping cart and rustled around the mess.

'Really? Because what I think it is, is that you managed to create a miracle weight loss pill that you aren't sharing with us or...' Lena said, looking from the cart to Angela with a small smirk on her face. '...this isn't for you?'

Angela deflated, and shuffled uncomfortably under Lena's happily accusatory face.

'It's...for Fareeha.'

Lena let out a small bark of laughter, and rolled her eyes.

'Oh bloody hell, looks like I owe Genji some sexy selfies...' The Brit turned to face Angela, a grin on her face. 'Well I think you two would make a great couple, it's obvious she's chuffed with you-'

'It's not that! I dont-' Angela felt her face go red, and the once pleasant air conditioning didn't seem to be working. '...its...its because of the mission. From the day before'

Lena's face fell.

'Ah...yeah, I haven't seen her all day.' She said

Angela nodded, and gestured halfheartedly towards the cart of treats.

'I figured she could use a little pick me up but...I guess I did go a bit overboard.' She mumbled.

Lena gave a soft chuckle, and put a few bags of chips back on the shelf.

'Well fear not love! I'll help you pick out some stuff for her!' she chirped. Lena looked at a bag of sour cream and onion chips with a little laugh. 'And looks like you'll need it too, Fareeha hates these things.'

'Oh...well, thank you Lena. I appreciate it.' said Angela, as she put back some wasabi chips.

'Oh keep those, she likes those.' Lena said, stopping Angela's hand. 'You better start taking notes if you wanna have a chance getting her in bed with-'

'LENA!' squealed Angela, turning beat red, as the Brit gave a little cackle.

When they got back to the Watchpoint laden with goods, the team went to the kitchen to drop off the supplies from their run. Lena, deciding to be helpful, made a scene by poking fun of Genji and Hana's love for vintage Eastern European Horror Video games; which gave Angela the perfect opportunity to sneak off with a large cooler bag of food to Fareeha's.

Angela reached Fareeha's door, and looked inside the bag to quadruple check everything was there:

- . Two pints of Ice Cream: Cookies and Cream, and Neopolitan
- . Three family packs of Chips: tortillas, salt and vinegar, and wasabi
- . Six Cadbury bars
- . Two party packs of assorted cookies
- . A quart of Halohalo
- . An eight pack of RC Cola

Angela still felt like she under delivered.

Angela raised her hand to knock on Fareeha's door when she froze. She had reasoned with herself, she was doing this as the team's caregiver, as their doctor: she was in charge of everyone's well being, both mental and physical. There was no secret ulterior motive for doing this, no act of (totally non-existent) slight favoritism. It was pure professionalism that led her to spend over fifty Trans-Asianic Dollars on junk food, for a person when they were upset, the thought of that alone tore a small hole in Angela's heart. *Totally* professional.

So why hadn't she knocked?

Angela placed the bag of food at the foot of Fareeha's door, scurried down the hall, turned the corner, and almost ran straight into Genji. Despite having his full helmet and mask on now, she could tell he had a smug grin on his face.

'Wow...' he said.

Angela flushed a deep shade of crimson, silently fuming.

'Genji, my job as team field medic and doctor is to take care of both the mental and physical needs of my team members! Fareeha is clearly not in a healthy emotional state, so this is purely out of my duties, not any sort of emotional affection or-'

'I never said anything about *emotional affection* .' replied Genji coolly.

Angela said nothing, shutting her mouth tightly, as her brain worked overdrive to muster up some response. Genji laughed, clearly seeing the gears in Angela's head turning.

'Angela, after you brought me back to life the first thing you said to me is that "life is too exciting to be wasted, and not enjoyed". So come on, take your own advice for once and just-'

' *Message from Posh-Spice.* ' chirped Genji's wrist-built communicator. He swiped his hand across the message, and Angela could see the faint outline of a video showed up in his visor. Genji stiffened at the image, and Angela could just make out Lena's signature bomber jacket being unzipped and-

Genji turned on his heel and ran down the hall, waving to Angela. 'I gotta go, take your own

advice Angela!’

Chapter End Notes

But it ends on a cheerier note! Yay for nudez in a healthy relationship! You didn't think I'd keep this sad streak up forever now did you?

On a slightly disheartening note, the next chapter will be relatively short: I wanted to actually release it this Wednesday, but I want to keep up with the weekly sunday posts, and need a wee bit more time to work on the next couple of chapters!

Love y'all, and enjoy some junkfood this week!

Day 44 3/4s: Down

Chapter Notes

So I totally thought I posted this last night, but: I DIDN'T

(Nice going)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

BANG BANG BANG BANG

Angela's eyes shot open and she bolted upright in her bunk,

BANG BANG BANG BANG

Angela scrambled to her feet and ran across Watchpoint Cebu's compact medbay, already running through a list of possible emergency scenarios unfolding, and with perfect clarity, recalling every single procedure per scenario.

BANG BANG

Angela slid the door open with a heave, and-

'Angela-' was all Fareeha managed to get out before she violently vomited uncontrollably.

Angela used her shock and surprise well, immediately ushering Fareeha inside the medbay, running through common poisons and toxins that could result in extreme vomiting. She lay Fareeha down on the examination table on her side, and rushed for her toxin and antivenoms kit.

'Fareeha do you feel any pain or burning sensation at any part of your body?' she asked mechanically, swiftly returning to the table, and opening her kit.

Fareeha, in between retches, breathed in ragged gasps, and struggled to reply to Angela.

'Just nod, any burning pain?'

Fareeha shook her head and tried to sit up, but Angela pushed her on her side again.

'Fareeha, I need you to lay on your side so you don't choke in case you start seizing.' Angela said, as Fareeha vomited again over the side.

Angela popped open her kit, and pulled out a small gun, that could mix numerous antivenoms into a single cocktail. The gun was of Angela's design, to combat more complicated chemical weapons that she had the misfortune to encounter in the field.

The gun also held a small chemical analysis computer, but she would need to extract a blood sample from Fareeha for it to work.

'Fareeha, hold still, I'm going to draw some blood-'

Fareeha's eyes went wide again as she wretched, and she pushed away from Angela, nearly

falling off of the examination table. Angela recoiled slightly at Fareeha's escape attempt, and tried to keep the struggling sick woman still with her free hand.

But, as it was painfully apparent, Fareeha was far stronger than Angela.

Fareeha easily wriggled out of Angela's attempts to restrain her, and fell off the examination table, now throwing up on the ground like a drunk.

Angela rushed to her side and tightly placed her free hand on Fareeha's shoulder.

'Fareeha.' Said Angela, frustration and seriousness evident in her voice. 'I need you to stay still so I can figure out what poison is in-'

'Junkfood basket-' heaved Fareeha, before a fresh wave of retching took over.

That made Angela pause. The gears turned in her head, as Fareeha continued to be sick, and suffering, and all around miserable: because of Angela's gift basket.

A wave of guilt and embarrassment coursed through Angela. She dropped her toxin gun, and immediately fetched a bucket from the nearby sink. She placed it in Fareeha's hands and placed a comforting hand on her back, as the sick woman continued to vomit into the bucket.

'*Of course it's not poison you draeks votze...*' Angela thought, scolding herself for her knee jerk reaction.

Fareeha continued to retch, before one more particularly large cascade of sick vacated her body. After that, her breathing became more normal, and the tide of vomit had stopped, with her occasionally spitting into the bucket.

'Worst is over?' Angela half asked, half observed. Fareeha nodded weakly. Angela gave her one more comforting squeeze of her shoulder, and stood up to clean the med bay. Decades of medicinal practice had pretty much made her immune to any sense of disgust at bodily discharges, and she mopped Fareeha's vomit swiftly without complaint. Folding the telescoping mop, and placing it beneath the sink, Angela filled the biggest glass she could find (it was actually a 500ml beaker) and carried it to Fareeha.

Angela sat down by her side, and held the water up to Fareeha's lips. She took a weak sip of liquid, before she gagged, and Angela just manage to dodge some more puke.

'I know its hard to take, but you need to drink as much as you can. You've lost a lot of fluids, and need to replenish.' Angela said softly.

Fareeha nodded weakly, and continued to sip from the beaker as Angela held it to her lips. Occasionally Fareeha would throw up a little more, but nothing quite as violent as before. Eventually, Fareeha turned her head and smiled weakly at Angela.

'Thank you Angela...' She murmured 'I'm sorry for waking you I-' She gagged, again, before continuing '... someone left a basket full of snacks at my door...I couldn't stop eating...been years since I've had that much junkfood...'

'No Fareeha I...' started Angela, before she let out a sad sigh, the guilt seeping out of every pore in her body. 'I...left the gift basket. I thought you could use a...pick me up or something and thought you'd like some snacks...'

Angela got her a gift.

She couldn't believe it. Angela was worried about her. Angela got her a gift. Through the multitudes of awfulness from her stomach, she felt her heart flutter at the thought of Angela, fretting over what kind of hard candy she would like.

'Angela I-' she started, before she was again cut off by a wave of vomit. She felt Angela's hand on her shoulder, and she felt her skin tingle at the point of contact. She figured, since she was violently, retching, she could allow herself to let these old feelings of affection wash over her.

If it wasn't for the constant vomiting, and feeling like a xenomorph was going to burst out of her, this would almost be romantic.

She turned her head to face Angela. She was so beautiful. Fareeha gave another weak smile.

'Worth it Angela.'

Chapter End Notes

I know this is a shorter chapter in comparison, but there are only so many times you can describe vomiting without starting to sound utterly bland.

Next week's chapter will be nice and long, and I again, would like to take up the offer of: If you can guess what happens, I'll Paypal you ten dollars.

1. Alligators
2. Meth
3. Genji needs healing

Day 68: Clipped

Chapter Notes

Here we go, the longest chapter to date, maybe the craziest so far...

Also, Florida you're...Florida.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Angela decided that she hated the swamp. She hated the heat, The mugginess, the constant thick dampness that seeped through her armor, the bombardment of bugs and annoying wildlife, but most of all, she hated the automatic gunfire headed her way and the smell of narcotics.

Overwatch hadn't been able to get a lead on any clear Talon command targets, so they opted to go after the next best thing: organizations who helped supply and fund the terrorist organization. Which was their motivation for being in some god-forsaken swamp in Florida, fighting some particularly successful and well-armed methamphetamine producers.

While all of Overwatch had prepared for an aggressive enemy, what their initial reconnaissance had failed to identify where a series of rather large stilted houses surrounding the main compound. They were modified with extra armor, turrets, and excellent cover, giving any defenders a well fortified position. It was one of these houses that now put Angela in her cohorts in this precarious situation.

'I'm pinned down, request assistance!' Angela yelled into her comm, as she tried to lower herself even further behind a fallen tree, bullets chipping away at the wood.

'Can anyone reach Mercy?! D.Va and I are grounded!' replied Fareeha. Angela couldn't see anyone else other than Jack and Lena a few meters to her right squeezing in a few shots when they could. It seems that everyone was in the same predicament that Angela was.

'Hang on a little longer! Reinforcements are inbound!' screamed a Swedish accented voice, and then a-

'WEEP BOOP BEEEEEEP!'

Angela turned around to see an amazing sight, a small tank barreled past her position, firing it's cannon with utter abandon. Still moving forward, the bullets of the drug producers did nothing against Overwatch's newest recruit, an old Bastion unit. It's shells landed with expert precision on the enemy positions, obliterating the number of heavy machine guns pinning them down.

Seizing the opportunity to move, Angela flew over to Lena and Jack and immediately latched onto Lena, observing a large gash in her leg. Lena looked down, with a sudden look of surprise on her face.

'Cheers doc, didn't even notice I got hit!' She said, peeking around her cover to see the Bastion, now in a turret formation, continuing to lay waste to the remaining enemy defenses. 'Looks like our new friend is already earning his keep!'

Lena may have spoken too soon, as a final cartel fighter fired a number of grenades from a

launcher at Bastian. While none scored a direct hit, the robot was showered with shrapnel and gave a distressed synthetic cry.

‘Don’t worry my robotic friend! We are here for you!’ Screamed Reinhardt over the comms.

Reinhardt came shoulder charging past Angela towards Bastian, with Torbjorn on his back. The German giant stopped just in front of his new robotic compatriot and brought up his barrier, while Torbjorn tended to some of the damage Bastian had sustained.

‘Move up! We’re taking this house now!’ yelled Jack over the comms, as he slipped out from behind the tree, Lena and Angela following suite. Out of the corner of her eye, Angela saw Pharah and D.Va launch out from behind a large tree. The duo landed on top of the house, and burst in through one of the windows. Meanwhile from another edge of trees, Zenyatta, Lucio, and Mei moved towards the house. As the large crew rushed up a number of stairs to reach the top of the house, they heard a series of bangs from inside. As Angela approached the top of the stairs, the floor of the house suddenly exploded next to her, and a screaming body fell past her, landing in the murky water below with a splash.

‘Clear!’ came D.Va’s voice. ‘Torb I could use your help, MEKA’s diagnostic is showing red, probably external hit.’

“Alright child, I’ll take a look at it.’ Torbjorn replied, just as they entered the house. The interior was wrecked from the short work D.Va and Pharah had made of the enemy defenders. Their bodies littered the floor amongst the debris of wood, metal, and spilt spare ammo.

‘Angela, I think I got hit in my back, can you take a look?’ said an Egyptian voice.

Angela turned to face Fareeha, her armor and face dirtied and slightly bloodied. It was truly unfair, with this woman, who could look unbelievably attractive regardless of what state her outfit was in.

Angela gave a small chuckle. ‘What is it about the swamp that makes people lose the ability to know if they’ve been shot?’

Fareeha blamed the adrenaline, but the internal walls she built around her feelings for Angela briefly broke, as the doctor quietly smiled at her.

‘Ja, turn around, let me scan your back.’ She said.

Fareeha complied, and marveled at Angela’s ability to look stunning, despite being caked in swamp, blood, and sweat.

Ever since Scotland, Angela had quickly worked on implementing a scanner that could allow Angela to visualize her patients wound with them having to remove their armor. The modification to her AR Halo-HUD allowed her to save time in treatment, and also not further disturb the wound in removing the wearers armor.

‘It looks like a large bruise, it’s not an immediate problem, but flag me down if you feel more pain, and certainly see me when we get back to the Watchpoint.’ she said, her voice light but with a hint of seriousness. Fareeha turned to face her and nodded, a smirk ready on her face.

‘Yes, *doctor* .’ she said teasingly.

Angela couldn’t help but feel a little elevated at Fareeha’s smile, but she tore her eyes away from

the Egyptian woman to inspect the team and make sure no one else had any surprise wounds.

Fareeha then walked to one of the windows that gave them a look at the main compound: it was a large complex, that seemed to have consist of a series of much smaller sheds and prefabricated houses, and even a few tractor trailers and motor homes.

‘This is gonna get ugly real fast if we simply go in guns blazing.’ said a gravelly voice behind her.

Fareeha glanced behind her to see Jack glaring over her shoulder.

‘Too tight, too many corners. We’ll be boxed in immediately if all of us move in.’ He continued.

Fareeha nodded her head in agreement, and zoomed in on the compound.

‘We’ll divide up: a few smaller pairs, one lays down fire, another advances. We’ll draw out as many of them as possible before we go into the compound proper.’ She said.

‘I agree, but be ready for them to cut us off.’ replied Jack. Fareeha tore her eyes away from the compound, and turned to face him properly, a small grimace on her face.

‘They’re well armed, well fortified, and surprisingly well trained. Of course they’re going to have something up their sleeve.’ He said.

They grouped up accordingly; Bastian, Genji, Mercy and D.Va: Zenyatta, Soldier 76, Pharah, and Torbjorn: Lucio, Mei, Tracer, and Reinhardt. They attacked from three different fronts; two laying down covering fire, while someone moved up with their healer.

Genji and Mercy moved up swiftly: Mercy latched onto Genji with her Nanite-Boost with one hand on her staff and with the other, fired her pistol. Genji expertly deflected every single bullet that headed their way. and retaliated with his shurikans with expert precision.

They were the first to make it into the compound, neither of them bearing so much as a scratch. They burst into one of the small outer sheds, and the pair made swift work of a trio of thugs trying to set up a large Auto-turret. Angela grimaced as she plugged four rounds into one of the person’s chest cavity.

She always hated that part.

‘This is Genji and Mercy, we’ve made it to the compound, anyone copy?’ Genji’s call over the comms pulled Angela from her stupor, and stood next to Genji, both of them peering out of the door, trying to see the progress of the others.

‘We just got here, big guy is clearing out a small house!’ Came Lucio’s voice over the comm, followed by a cry of ‘*Hammer Down!*’ and a thunderous crash.

‘We have run into considerable incoming fire.’ came Zenyatta’s soothing voice. ‘Pharah has been hit, her helmet and communications are down. I am healing her wound, but we require assistance.’

For one, brief second, time stopped for Genji and Angela.

His master, his mentor, his savior, calm as always, could die in the next fifteen seconds.

Her friend, her.... *something* was hurt.

They came to their senses and looked at each other, determination on their faces, and they burst out the door.

‘Master, Angela and I are on our way, where are you?’ Asked Genji, as the two of them ran into the open, surveying the open swamp, scanning through the tracer rounds criss-crossing over the water, from Overwatch and the drug dealers alike.

On both their huds, a blue waypoint appeared behind an overturned skiff, rusted and busted into two pieces. Shortly after, a red waypoint appeared in the compound, out of sight from both Angela and Genji.

‘I have marked our location behind this boat, as well as where the main source of enemy fire is coming from.’ came Genji’s voice again. ‘Pharah is stable and regaining consciousness, but it will still be some time before either of us will be able to move. Our cover will not hold much longer.’

Genji and Angela wasted no time navigating their way towards the red waypoint, cutting through the compound to make their way to the waypoint: just like they cut through any straggling opposition that lay in their path.

Eventually, they made their way to the location Zenyatta marked, and peering behind a derelict RV, saw the monstrosity that had put Zenyatta and Fareeha in their predicament: a disgustingly large, crudely welded, triple barrelled gatling emplacement, with rocket pods attached to it. The massive gun was entrenched into the ground, and a wall of sandbags gave it ample cover from any incoming fire.

And making it an easy kill once you got up close and personal.

Genji and Angela looked at each other. She latched onto him with her Nano-Boost stream, and they dove in.

‘*Ryūjin no ken wo kurae!*’ screamed Genji, as an energy crackled around him, and a roaring, great, green dragon materialized around him. In one mighty blow, Genji sliced through the entirety of the massive turret (and the two operators of the gun).

Angela and Genji were suddenly swarmed by thugs from all sides, some of them even wearing rudimentary exo-skeleton armor, all of them firing at the pair. Angela resumed her dual-wielding stance, dispatching the less armored attackers. Genji, still enhanced by the Nano-Stream and his Dragon, made easy work of the armored combatants.

But just as it seemed they had outlasted the assault, there was a comically ominous ticking noise, and suddenly Genji was thrown across the emplacement by a wild explosion, his sword flying from his hand and his Green dragon fading into nothing.

‘Genji!’ Angela screamed, and her heart sank as she swore she heard some maniacal, high pitched laughter through the smoke. Angela flew over to latch onto Genji with a healing stream, when a hook and chain suddenly wrapped tightly around her, and stopped her dead in her tracks.

She fell to the ground, and was suddenly dragged violently backwards, her staff ripped loose from her hands. She scrambled at the dirt for anything to latch on, her fingers finding something, thin and metal, pain flashing across her hands-

Genji’s Sword.

Angela's bloody hands found the hilt, and she turned to slice the chain, clean through in one strike. She scrambled to her feet, sword at the ready, when she heard the loud clunking of an exoskeleton behind her. She whipped around to see the armored figuring moving aggressively towards Genji, the cyber-ninja struggling to recover from the blast.

Without hesitation, without thought, Angela *threw Genji's sword* .

It spun through the air twice, and sheathed itself in, and *through* the back of the attackers exposed neck. The methoded out junkee wanna-be badass gurgled to the ground in his crudely made armor, as Genji finally got onto his feet, still dazed as a mixture of circuitry and blood seeped out of his shoulder.

He suddenly brought up his hands, Shurikens at the ready, and dove forward screaming 'Angela get down!'

She obeyed on instinct; diving into a roll towards her staff, and when she rose with staff and pistol at the ready, she saw a hulking, obese, tattooed monster with a gas mask merely flinch as Genji's shurikens embedded themselves into his gut. The beast put something onto his mask that emanated a very familiar looking orange glow: Angela knew that shade of orange, she knew that light. She knew how unstable it could be.

She lined up a shot, squeezed the trigger once, and the monsters nano-tech rebreather *exploded* in it's hand.

The beast recoiled in a ball of flame and smoke. She and Genji, in an unspoken communication that only comes from fighting together, scrambled out of the now demolished emplacement, back towards friendly lines.

'Master! Are you and Pharah alright?!' Genji screamed over the comms, as the pair of them rolled down the small wall of sandbags. They stayed there, pressed against the sandbags, observing the swamp, and more specifically, the ruined boat where Zenyatta said he and Pharah were.

After what felt like ages, but in reality was only seconds, Zenyatta floated out from behind the wreckage, supporting an upright but clearly dazed Fareeha.

Angela and Genji both released small sighs of relief. Angela raised her hand, and waved at Fareeha. The injured woman smiled, and waved back, suddenly standing a little more upright and looking more clear headed. Angela saw her mouth move, as she spoke to Zenyatta, and soon his ever calm voice crackled through the comms:

'Captain Amari would like me to tell the support units to move up now, as the compounds perimeter defenses have been dealt with.' he said.

The members of Overwatch still in the treeline of the defensive houses came out from their positions, and began treading through the open swamp toward the compound. Bastian seemed particularly pleased, he and his bird Ganymede chirping enthusiastically.

Their happy sounds were drowned out by the sudden roar of engines: a trio of airboats came barrelling towards the exposed Overwatch, each of them armed with one of the monstrous guns Genji and Angela had just destroyed.

The comms filled with the collective screams of all the Overwatch members. They all dove for cover, Genji and Angela scrambled to climb the sandbag wall and get into cover.

' *Unko, unko, unko , un -* ' Genji's swearing was cut off by the roar of six-thousand rounds per second firing in every direction. The pair made it about another foot up the sandbags, when to

Genji's left, the sandbags started exploding in a line: a snake made out of ballistics.

The snake bit into Genji: his abdomen exploded outwards.

Angela screamed. 'Genj-'

A blow in her back and her head, and everything went black.

Scratch that, everything began to fade. She could tell she was tumbling backwards, Genji was following her too. She could hear screams and gunfire, and then she was submerged in murky water.

She tried to move. To reach the surface. Y'know, to breath.

It was black, but it was also so warm...

And then she was flying.

The sun blazed gloriously, the air was suddenly crisp and clear. She took in the most invigorating breath of her life, and felt two strong arms beneath her. She looked up, and saw the face of Fareeha Amari, helmetless, hair blowing in the wind, looking like a statue cut from the finest of marble.

And the beautiful woman was looking straight into her, eyes like stars, and a face that radiated security, safety, confidence... *affection* .

A blazing fire swept through Angela, and she gaped unapologetically at the utterly majestic sight she lay privilege to. The edges of Fareeha's lips curved ever so slightly into the softest smile, as she moved her hand and suddenly brought her rocket launcher up to bear. Still carrying Angela with her other arm, she fired six times, never taking her eyes away from Angela.

There were a series of explosions, and Angela turned her head to face the ground, and saw the three attack boats take two rockets to their hulls, disappearing in balls of fire. Angela returned her gaze to the amazing woman in front of her, the same statuesque expression on her face.

Fareeha dropped altitude, the ground slowly approaching them, as she maintained her absolutely paralyzing eye contact with Angela. As they were about to touch down, suddenly an *alligator lept out of the water* , it's jaws open, a ravenous look on its ferocious face. It had bits of twisted metals and wires dug into its skull: even in face to face with her greatest phobia from nature, she could tell this was a crude mind control setup.

Before she could even let out a scream, a blue armored fist connected with the snout of the alligator, sending it tumbling backwards into the water. Fareeha navigated the treacherous waters, batting away the marauding reptiles with her metal encased fists and feet, as they lept out of the water; her priority was to keep Angela from all harm.

Five of the beasts came at the pair at once, and Fareeha suddenly threw Angela up into the air. She sailed upwards, light as a feather, and watched in amazement as Fareeha grabbed one of the monsters by it's tail, and *used it like a sword* , batting away it's compatriots, completely disregarding the weight of the creature she was holding.

Angela slowly began to fall, as she saw Fareeha club the last of the attacking reptiles, and

spinning her wrist, she flung her weaponized reptile like the hammer from an old Superhero movie Angela once saw as a child. The alligator sailed out into the distance, and Angela lost sight of it as it crested the top of the trees, and suddenly, Fareeha's deft hands had her secured against her Raptora armor.

Angela resumed staring at Fareeha as though she were the 8th Wonder of the World, as Fareeha slowly brought Angela to a tree to perch her in-

A monstrous, earth shattering roar. a geyser of water erupting from the swamp, all those old Japanese monster movies Hana forced her to watch brought to life.

The alligator that now stood in front of them could have flattened Watchpoint Gibraltar in one step. Metal, crude wires, ominously red lights protruded from its body, and half of its long, evil face was completely robotic. Angela could have sworn it *smiled* insidiously at them.

The kaiju stepped on the compound they were assaulting: explosions and screams of terror and pain ripped through the air. Fareeha set Angela down in the crook of a sturdy tree branch, her lips feathered against her ear, and Angela couldn't make out exactly what she whispered, but the confidence in her silky-strong voice sent shivers down her spine.

Fareeha rocketed up to the sky and began to engage the beast. The monster swung at her, roaring as Fareeha fired rocket after rocket at it, simply detonating on its tough hide, doing no damage. It's robotic, evil red eye began to glow, and a massive *laser* discharged from it. Fareeha dodged the beam nimbly and flew high above them, into the sun...

The beast turned its head up and let out a roar of frustration. Suddenly Fareeha dove down, nothing but a blur of blue and gold, *swooped into the mouth of the alligator.*

Angela let out a gasp of horror, as the beast seemed to look taken aback, and suddenly-

' JUSTICE RAINS FROM ABOVE! ' And the beast's head *exploded.*

In a puff of red mist, and fire, Fareeha hovered, rockets still streaking out of her armor, flying high and exploding like celebratory fireworks. The beast's decapitated body hit the ground in a massive splash; while Fareeha hovered above her fallen enemy, like an Archangel of justice.

The smoke, fire, and mist of gore finally cleared, and Fareeha slowly descended towards Angela. Angela was transfixed on her.

After a gloriously agonizing length, Fareeha finally reached Angela. Still hovering, she adjusted her jets so her face was level with Angela's. Fareeha leaned in close, lips parted, eyelids heavy, and she brushed an armored hand through Angela's hair.

Angela got closer too, her heart racing, every inch of Fareeha utterly overwhelming her senses: their lips were millimeters apart, she couldn't believe-

' PASS INTO THE IRIS! '

Angela awoke bathed in a golden light, to the sound of screeching metal and machinery folding in on itself: Zenyatta floated defiantly in front of her, the now crumpled nose of one of the ferocious attack boats halting in his outstretched open palm. With the fluid rotation and flick of his wrist, the boat went flying over his head behind him. The driver of the boat, strapped into his seat, made eye contact with Angela, his eyes as wide as dinner plates.

Angela followed the boat's trajectory, and as the boat crashed upside down in the shallow water, Genji floated into Angela's view, the gaping hole in his midriff surrounded by a bright golden glow. She tried to reach out and touch him, but she felt something warm and strong on her shoulder.

'Doctor, please. Hold still until your head wound is more fully healed.' came Zenyatta's voice.

Angela would have nodded if such a motion wouldn't have hurt so much. As more of her senses came back to her, she could feel the piercing, but slowly subsiding pain in the back of her head, and in her upper hip: a clean wound through the midriff, possible spinal bruising, and a lucky grazing shot to the back of the head. No matter how dazed she was, she could still assess a gunshot wound.

And then the horror sunk in: not at her or Genji's near death, nor at the sounds of gunfire still persisting in the distance, but at *the bullet induced hallucination* she just went through.

'*Was zum Teufel unterbewusst...Freud would have a field day with this one...*' she thought to herself. She struggled to get up, fuming at her dream self's uselessness in combat, and blushing at the look dream Fareeha had given her. She felt Zenyatta's hand touch her head, the healing warmth and glow becoming much more apparent. Her vision suddenly became clearer, the pain in her head subsided greatly.

'Angela, please: take it slow.' Said Zenyatta again. 'I will go to Genji and make sure he is well enough to walk. Please stay here till I return.'

Angela grunted in acknowledgement, and the warmth touching her head diminished slightly as Zenyatta left her, an orb floating above her head, to tend to Genji. Angela squatted, in the swamp, obeying Zenyatta's soft orders to stay put, while she stewed in mortified silence, that her own subconscious would conjure up such a ridiculous scenario.

'*She's just a friend...yes she's gorgeous but--but its nothing more, she's just a friend...*' She said, over and over in her head.

Zenyatta floated back her way, supporting the weight of Genji, who while upright, sported a *massive* breach in his metal skin, and wrapped both his arms around Zenyatta's shoulders: Angela then saw, his legs weren't working. Zenyatta was *dragging* him.

'Doctor Ziegler, please grab onto my leg, I am more than happy to act as a support for you.' said Zenyatta.

'Omnicon Express has a pretty smooth ride all things considered.' Said Genji, through a pained grin.

Angela tried to stand as smoothly as she could, but as soon as she took her first step she stumbled. Genji reached out to grab her shoulder, nearly slipping off of Zenyatta in doing so. He helped guide her to Zenyatta's free shoulder, and Angela wrapped one arm around the monk's neck, and braced her other arm against his lotus crossed leg.

Zenyatta floated back towards friendly Overwatch lines, where Jack and Mei waited for them, weapons at the ready. When they reached them, Jack placed one of his biotic fields down, and Zenyatta gently set Genji and Angela down in the golden light.

'Thank you master.' mumbled Genji.

'It is nothing Genji. I simply did what had to be done.' he replied.

‘Still...thank you Zenyatta.’ Chimed Angela. Zenyatta simply bowed his head, and let his orbs continue to heal them. Quiet finally seemed to fall on the swamp...

Then the compound exploded .

Zenyatta, Mei, and Jack faced the explosion in a defensive stance, and Genji and Angela tried their best to see what was happening: and it was pretty epic.

Reinhardt (With Torbjorn on his back), Lucio, and Tracer sped out of the blast radius, fire licking at their heels. Meanwhile in the sky, D.Va and her MEKA flew through smoke and fire, while Bastian clung to the MEKA’s leg with one hand, and continued to fire with his gun arm. A blue and gold glint weaved around the airborne duo, moving too fast for Angela to clearly see, but her heart leapt anyway.

The ground team reached them first: Lena and Torbjorn immediately went to Genji’s side, the latter to inspect his legs, and Lena to embrace and kiss him. Reinhardt briefed Jack on the situation, and Lucio sidled up to Angela to lend her his healing abilities.

‘You feeling ok doc?’ he asked good naturedly, despite his dirtied and bruised face.

Angela simply nodded and smiled, just as D.Va and Bastian touched down. D.Va slid out of her MEKA, and landed flat on her ass in the swampy water. Panting heavily, utterly exhausted, clearly battered like everyone else, the look of elation and excitement at a victory couldn’t leave her slightly grinning face. Bastian sidled up behind her, holding a bunch of flowers that he somehow procured. Hana laughed, and took the flowers; she leaned against Bastian’s leg and started talking in Korean to him. Bastian seemed to understand, as both he and Ganymede began to chirp happily back at Hana.

The person Angela most desired to see was safe and sound however, was still twenty meters in the air. Fareeha hovered above the group, rocket launcher still at the ready, sweeping the area for any lingering threats. She finally began to descend, and Angela spotted multiple points of impact on the once pristine Raptora armor: her helmet was missing, singes had made the blue turn black, pockmarks went up and down the left leg, one of the wings of the jet thrusters was shorn off, and the same thruster seemed to be sparking in and out of life.

Fareeha cut her engines some feet off the ground, and she landed on her hands and knees in the murky water. She stayed there for a while, and Angela simply observed her, as the adrenaline and tension slowly ebbed out of Fareeha. Hana got up, and walked over to Fareeha, offering her a hand up. Fareeha looked up at Hana, her face curtained by her jet black hair, took her offered hand and stood up.

Fareeha suddenly lifted Hana up in a bear hug to rival one of Reinhardt’s. The Korean girl squealed in surprise, and Fareeha promptly plonked her down, ruffling her hair. The Raptora pilot finally turned so Angela could see her face clearly: the left half of her face was completely streaked with blood, she was covered in soot, sweat, and swamp, her hair was matted and soaked, and a patch was missing. She made eye contact with Angela, and concern flashed over her face for a second.

Angela gave her a smile and a thumbs-up: ‘ *It’s alright, I’m ok.* ’

Fareeha smiled, her eyes shining.

She looked so much more beautiful than dream Fareeha.

Chapter End Notes

Hit me with your best 'Florida man...' stories

Thank you so much for all your kind comments <3 It really does warm my heart, and I am so happy just to contribute to this awesome canon (Even if Blizzard is kinda pushing Gency as official)

Keeping with tradition, here are the three hints for the next chapter! Winner gets 10 bucks!

1. Winter is Coming
2. Drunk-eeha
3. Fully automatic Weapons

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!